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Alike to wonder and delight
And with new spirit did inspire
The Thespian *Scene and* Delphick *Lyre;*
Is thus exprest in either part
Above the humble reach of art;
Drawne by the Pencill here yow find
His Forme, by his owne Pen his mind.
W. Marshall *fecit.*

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FRAGMENTA AVREA.

A Collection of all THE Incomparable Peeces,

WRITTEN

By Sir JOHN SVCKLING.

And publiſhed by a Friend to perpetuate his memory.

Printed by his owne Copies.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in St *Pauls* Churchyard.
MDCXLVI.

To the Reader.

WHile *Sucklins* name is in the forehead of this Booke, theſe *Poems* can want no preparation: It had been a prejudice to Poſterity they ſhould have ſlept longer, and an injury to his own aſhes. They that converſd with him alive, and truly, (under which notion I comprehend only knowing Gentlemen, his ſoule being tranſcendent, and incommunicable to others, but by reflection) will honour theſe poſthume

Idæa's of their friend : And if any have liv'd in ſo much darkneſſe, as not to have knowne ſo great an Ornament of our Age, by looking upon theſe Remaines with Civility and Vnderſtanding, they may timely yet repent, and be forgiven.

In this Age of Paper-proſtitutions, a man may buy the reputation of ſome Authors into the price of their Volume ; but know, the Name that leadeth into this Elyſium, is ſacred to *Art* and *Honour*, and no man that is not excellent in both, is qualified a *Competent Judge* : For when Knowledg is allowred, yet Education in the Cenſure of a Gentleman, requires as many deſcents, as goes to make one ; And he that is bold upon his unequall Stock, to traduce this Name, or Learning, will deſerve to be condemned a-

gaine

gaine into Ignorance his Originall ſinne, and dye in it.

But I keep backe the Ingenuous Reader, by my unworthy Preface: The gate is open, and thy ſoule invited to a Garden of raviſhing variety, admire his wit, that created theſe for thy delight, while I withdraw into a ſhade, and contemplate who muſt follow.

POEMS,

&c.

Written by

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were ſet in Muſick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gent. of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majeſties Private Muſick.

LONDON,

Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moſely*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1646.

On New-years day 1640.
To the KING.

1.

AWake (great Sir) the Sun ſhines heer,
Gives all Your Subjects a New-yeer,
Onely we ſtay till you appear,
For thus by us Your Power is underſtood,
He may make fair days, You muſt make them good;
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Preſents as poor men can make,
They can adde little unto bliſſe
who cannot wiſh.

2.

May no ill vapour cloud the skie,
Bold ſtorms invade the Soveraigntie,
But gales of joy, ſo freſh, ſo high;
That You may think Heav'n ſent to try this year
What ſayl, or burthen, a Kings mind could bear.
Awake, awake, *&c.*

3.

May all the discords in Your State
(Like those in Musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

4.

What Conquerors from battels find,
Or Lovers when their Doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our Masters mind,
Make such strange Rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but an extasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

5.

May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your fence invite
Double this year, save those o'th night:
For such a Marriage-bed must know no more
Then repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
and take
Such Presents as poor men can make,
They can add little unto bliss
who cannot wish.

Loving and Beloved.

1.

THere never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reigne diſſembling is.

2.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhould be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we falſe fire with art ſometimes diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

3.

What Rack can Fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt Court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love look well.

4.

Since it is thus, God of deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'me weary of the State I'me in:

Since (if the very beſt ſhould now befal)
Loves Triumph, muſt be Honours Funeral.

1.

IF when Don *Cupids* dart
Doth wound a heart,
we hide our grief
and ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore;
For wounds unſearcht but ranckle more.

2.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
men are in pain
for us again;
So, neither ſpeaking doth become
The Lovers ſtate, nor being dumb.

3.

When this I do deſcry,
Then thus think I,
love is the fart
of every heart:
It pains a man when 't is kept cloſe,
And others doth offend, when 't is let looſe.

A Seſſions of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was at it (they ſay)
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the Town came thither,
T was ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that day.

There *Selden*, and he ſate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no order;
Digby and *Shillingſworth* a little further:

And

There was *Lucans* Tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo bigge in's Poetry;
Selwin and *Walter*, and *Bartlets* both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the Bayes,
For his were calld Works, where others were but Plaies.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of errors, that had lafted many an Age,
And he hopes they did not think the *ſilent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out done by no man.

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry't; at which *Ben* turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo ancient a wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back agen,
And made him mine hoſt of his own new Inne.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His Muſe was hard bound, and th'iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And

All that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſie and free,
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Conſider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearers place.

Will. Davenant aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hoped the handſomneſſe of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And

Surely the Company would have been content,
If they could have found any Preſident;
But in all their Records either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a noſe.

To *Will Bartlet* ſure all the wits meant well,
But firſt they would ſee how his ſnow would ſell:
Will ſmil'd and ſwore in their judgements they went leſſe,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſſe.

Suddenly

Suddenly taking his place agen,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a wit,
That *Apollo* hardly knew him yet.

Toby Mathews (pox on him) how came he there?
Was whiſpering nothing in ſome-bodies ear:
When he had the honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her care furniſht you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady Muſe had been
In the number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forſooth) from the Queen,
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th'had come
Without them, th'had ſcarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtrait one whiſperd *Apollo* i'th 'ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the Trophies of wit;
But *Apollo* was angry, and publiquely ſaid
'Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his tryal,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a denial;
But wittily *Apollo* asked him firſt of all
If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he could do it, 't would plainly appear
He underſtood more than any man there,
And did merit the Bayes above all the reſt,
But the Mounſier was modeſt, and ſilence confeſt.

During theſe troubles in the Court was hid
One that *Apollo* ſoon miſt, little *Cid*;
And having ſpied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Murrey was ſummon'd, but 't was urg'd that he
Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales ſet by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a coil;
Apollo had ſpied him, but knowing his mind
Paſt by, and call'd *Faulkland* that ſate juſt behind:

But

He was of late ſo gone with Divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his Poetry,
Though to ſay the truth (and *Apollo* did know it)
He might have been both his Prieſt and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will. Davenant* began to ſwear;
But wiſer *Apollo* bade him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher

Openly declared that the beſt ſigne
Of good ſtore of wit 's to have good ſtore of coyn,
And without a Syllable more or leſſe ſaid,
He put the Laurel on the Aldermans head.

At this all the wits were in ſuch a maze
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze

One

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ in great in his face.

Onely the ſmall Poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope as 't was thought of borrowing,
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends any Poets about the Town.

Loves World.

IN each mans heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for ſo I found,
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of *Earth* unto this frame, *Earth,*
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame,
For to be right it doth behoove
It be as that, fixt and not move;

Yet as the Earth may ſometime ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So, often jealouſie, and fear,
Stolne into mine, cauſe tremblings there.

My *Flora* was my *Sun*, for as *Sunne,*
One *Sun*, ſo but one *Flora* was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence.

My hopes I call my *Moon*; for they *Moon*
Inconſtant ſtill, were at no ſtay;

But

But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſſe were ſure to be:

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too too ſoon decreaſe agen;
Eclip'ſt ſometimes, that 't would ſo fall
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts 'cauſe infinite they be — *Starres,*
Muſt be thoſe many *Stars* we ſee;
Of which ſome wandred at their will, — *Fixed*
But moſt on her were *fixed* ſtill. — *Planets.*

My burning flame and hot deſire — *Element*
Muſt be the *Element of fire,* — *of fire.*
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen:

No Kitching fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's ſtarv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire ſubſiſts by being near
The Moons bright Orbe, ſo I beleeve
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the *Ayre,* moſt free — *Ayre.*
And full of mutability,
Big with Chimera's, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be — *Sea.*
Were it from winds (my paſſions) free;

But

But out alas! no *Sea* I find
Is troubled like a Lovers mind.

Within it Rocks and Shallows be,
Deſpair and fond credulity.

But in this World it were good reaſon
We did diſtinguiſh Time and Seaſon;
Her preſence then did make the *Day*,
And *Night* ſhall come when ſhee's away.

Long abſence in far diſtant place — *Winter.*
Creates the *Winter*, and the ſpace
She tarryed with me; well I might
Call it my *Summer* of delight. — *Summer.*

Diverſity of weather came
From what ſhe did, and thence had name;
Somtimes ſh'would ſmile, that made it fair;
And when ſhe laught, the Sun ſhin'd clear.

Sometimes ſh'would frown, and ſometimes weep,
So Clouds and Rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again ſh'would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But ſoft my Muſe, the world is wide,
And all at once was not deſcride:
It may fall out ſome honeſt Lover
The reſt hereafter will diſcover.

Song.

Song.

WHy ſo pale and wan fond Lover?
prethee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking wel can't move her
looking ill prevail?
prethee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner?
prethee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
ſaying nothing doe't?
prethee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame, this will not move,
this cannot take her;
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
nothing can make her:
the divel take her.

Sonnet. I.

1.

DO'ſt ſee how unregarded now
that piece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
to that alone;
but mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me
Then if it could not charm or I not ſee.

And

2.

And yet the face continues good,
and I have ſtill deſires,
Am ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood,
as apt to melt
and ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes?

3.

She every day her Man does kill,
and I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will
can queſtion'd be,
what is the myſtery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

Sonnet. II.

1.

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
to make up my delight,
no odd becomming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of Love, for her I Court,
I ask no more,
'Tis lov e in love that makes the ſport.

There's

2.

There's no ſuch thing as that we beauty call,
it is meer couſenage all;
for though ſome long ago
Like't certain colours mingled ſo and ſo,
That doth not tie me now from chuſing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

3.

Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
makes eating a delight,
and if I like one diſh
More then another, that a Pheaſant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

Sonnet III.

1.

OH! for ſome honeſt Lovers ghoſt,
Some kind unbodied poſt
Sent from the ſhades below.
I ſtrangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Thoſe that their miſtreſſe ſcorn did bear,
Or thoſe that were us'd kindly.

For

2.

For what-ſo-e're they tell us here
To make thoſe ſufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T'have lov'd alone will not ſuffice,
Unleſſe we alſo have been wiſe,
And have our Loves enjoy'd.

3.

What poſture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd agen
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each ſits by his own?
Or how can that *Elizium* be
Where I my Miſtreſſe ſtill muſt ſee
Circled in others Armes?

4.

For there the Judges all are juſt,
And *Sophonisba* muſt
Be his whom ſhe held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here?
The ſweet *Philoclea* ſince ſhe dy'de
Lies by her *Pirocles* his ſide,
Not by *Amphialus*.

5.

Some Bayes (perchance) or Myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of thoſe kind ſouls that were
The noble Martyrs here;
And if that be the onely odds
(As who can tell) ye kinder Gods,
Give me the Woman here.

To his much honoured, the Lord Lepinton, *upon his Tranſlation of* Malvezzi *his* Romulus *and* Tarquin.

IT is ſo rare and new a thing to ſee
Ought that belongs to young Nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we muſt praiſe
You as we would do thoſe firſt ſhew the waies
To Arts or to new Worlds: You have begun;
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it ſhould have done:
For 't has indeed too ſtrong a cuſteme bin
To carry out more wit then we bring in.
You have done otherwiſe, brought home (my Lord)
The choiſeſt things fam'd Countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your means is Engliſh grown,
And ſpeaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he: whom 'tis as hard to praiſe
To merit, as to imitate his waies.
He does not ſhew us *Rome* great ſuddenly,
As if the Empire were a Tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew ſo large and high.
Deſcribes each thing ſo lively, that we are
Concern'd our ſelves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is preſent ſtill, and ſtill engag'd.
Like a good Proſpective he ſtrangely brings
Things diſtant to us: and in theſe two Kings

We ſee what made greatneſſe. And what 't has been
Made that greatneſſe contemptible again.
And all this not tediouſly deriv'd,
But like to Worlds in little Maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman Dame reſtore,
Makes *Lucrece* chaſter for her being whore;
Gives her a kind Revenge for *Tarquins* ſin;
For raviſh't firſt, ſhe raviſheth again.
She ſays ſuch fine things after't, that we muſt
In ſpite of vertue thank foul Rape and Luſt,
Since't was the cauſe no woman would have had,
Though ſhe's of *Lucrece* ſide, *Tarquin* leſſe bad.
But ſtay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and ſees the journeys end,
I ſtraggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good ſtomacks off that would fall too.

Againſt Fruition.

STay here fond youth and ask no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe;
The vertuous joyes thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and would'ſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams (and for a toy)
Tho' wert wak't? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſeth much the palate, cloyes;
Who thinks he ſhall be happyer for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat

By eating to a Surfet, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes looſe their taſt.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does is ſo;
The World is of a vaſt extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; Children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before t'have been)
Are like Romances read, or fights once ſeen:
Fruition's dull, and ſpoils the Play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in Proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
Where ſomthing keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſſe, ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſſe would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

I.

THere never yet was woman made,
nor ſhall, but to be curſt;
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
of any Lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

2.

You that have promis'd to your ſelves
propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
and what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

3.

All mankind are alike to them;
and though we iron find
That never with a Loadſtone joyn'd,
'tis not the irons fault,
It is becauſe the loadſtone yet was never brought.

4.

If where a gentle Bee hath fall'n
and laboured to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that Flower,
but paſſes by;
Tis to be thought, the gallant elſe-where loads his thigh.

5.

For ſtill the flowers ready ſtand,
one buzzes round about,
One lights, one taſts, gets in, gets out
all, all waies uſe them,
Till all their ſweets are gone, and all again refuſe them.

Song.

1.

NO, no, fair Heretick, it needs muſt be
But an ill love in me,
And worſe for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hower
More then I did the laſt;
I would then ſo fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admits as well an ebbe, and may grow leſſe.

2.

True Love is ſtill the ſame; the Torrid Zones,
And thoſe more frigid ones
It muſt not know:
For love grown cold or hot,
Is luſt, or friendſhip, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would dye
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more then I can expreſſe,
And would love more could I but love thee leſſe.

To my Friend Will. Davenant; *upon his Poem of* Madagaſcar.

WHat mighty Princes Poets are? thoſe things
The great ones ſtick at, and our very Kings
Lay down, they venter on; and with great eaſe,
Diſcover, conquer, what, and where they pleaſe.
Some Flegmatick Sea-Captain, would have ſtaid
For money now, or victuals; not have waid
Anchor without 'em; Thou (*Will*) do'ſt not ſtay
So much as for a wind, but go'ſt away,
Land'ſt, view'ſt the Country; fight'ſt, put'ſt all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in Town is; *Dav'nant's* come
From *Madagaſcar*, Fraught with Laurel home;
And welcom (*Will*) for the firſt time, but prithee
In thy next Voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend Will. Davenant *on his other Poems.*

THou haſt redeem'd us, *Wil.* and future Times
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: ſince the great Lord of it
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ
So neer him, in's own way: I would commend
Particulars, but then, how ſhould I end
Without a Volume? Ev'ry line of thine
Would ask (to praiſe it right) twenty of mine.

1.

LOve, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

2.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hugge together:
Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

3.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

Song.

1.

I Prethee ſpare me, gentle Boy,
Preſſe me no more for that ſlight toy,
That fooliſh trifle of an heart,
I ſwear it will not do its part,
Though thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

2.

For through long cuſtom it has known
The little ſecrets, and is grown
Sullen and wiſe, will have its will,
And like old Hawks purſues that ſtill
That makes leaſt ſport, flies onely where 't can kill.

3.

Some youth that has not made his ſtory,
Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly ſit out Loves Feaſt;
I ſhall be carving of the beſt,
Rudely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt.

4.

And oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
How ſhort a time the Feaſt doth laſt;
Men riſe away, and ſcarce ſay grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite; but ſeek another place.

Upon my Lady Carliles *walking in* Hampton-Court garden.

Dialogue.

T. C. *I. S.*

Thom.

Didſt thou not find the place inſpir'd,
And flow'rs as if they had deſir'd
No other Sun, ſtart from their beds,
And for a ſight ſteal out their heads?
Heardſt thou not muſick when ſhe talk't?
And didſt not find that as ſhe walkt
She threw rare perfumes all about
Such as bean-bloſſoms newly out,
Or chafed ſpices give?——

I. S.

I muſt confeſſe thoſe perfumes (*Tom*)
I did not ſmell; nor found that from
Her paſſing by, ought ſprung up new,
The flow'rs had all their birth from you;
For I paſs't o're the ſelf ſame walk,
And did not find one ſingle ſtalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after ſpring.

Thom.

Dull and inſenſible, could'ſt ſee
A thing ſo near a Deity

Move

Move up and down, and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and ſo great, were alike ſtrange,
I had my Thoughts, but not your way,
All are not born (Sir) to the Bay;
Alas! *Tom*, I am fleſh and blood,
And was conſulting how I could
In ſpite of masks and hoods deſcry
The parts deni'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all ſhe wore,
And had ſhe walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her firſt ſtate had not been
More naked, or more plainly ſeen.

Thom.

'T was well for thee ſhe left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'ſt thou view'd her legg and thigh,
And upon that diſcovery
Search't after parts that are more dear
(As Fancy ſeldom ſtops ſo near)
No time or age had ever ſeen
So loſt a thing as thou hadſt been.

To Mr. Davenant *for Abſence.*

WOnder not if I ſtay not here,
Hurt Lovers (like to wounded Deer)
Muſt ſhift the place; for ſtanding ſtill
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where there is a Traytor eye
That lets in from th'enemy

All

All that may ſupplant an heart,
'Tis time the Chief ſhould uſe ſome Art;
Who parts the object from the ſence,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence.
O how quickly men muſt die,
Should they ſtand all Loves Battery;
Perſpidues eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the Canon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
Love is a fit, and ſoon is paſt,
Ill dyet onely makes it laſt;
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i'th' very height o'th' Fever.

Againſt Abſence.

MY whining Lover, what needs all
Theſe vows of life Monaſtical?
Deſpairs, retirements, jealouſies,
Aud ſubtile ſealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wiſe; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the ſame Phyſick, ſelf ſame art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart:
Would'ſt thou whilſt yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (Dear Sir) the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the ſame houſe lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or Love once takes,
Every Room a Peſt-Houſe makes.

Abſence

Abſence were good if't were but ſence
That onely holds th'Intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magick too;
Brings a miſtreſſe a thouſand miles,
And the ſleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the ſame time your Rival here;
And (oh! the divel) that ſhe ſhould
Say finer things now then ſhe would;
So nobly Fancy doth ſupply
What the dull ſence lets fall and die.
Beauty like mans old enemy's known
To tempt him moſt when hee's alone:
The ayre of ſome wild o'regrown wood,
Or pathleſſe Grove is the Boyes food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy ſences, and feaſt high.
Spare dyet is the cauſe Love laſts,
For Surfets ſooner kill than Faſts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. Wil. Shakeſpears, *By the Author.*

I.

ONe of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſſe,
Which therefore ſwel'd, and ſeem'd to part aſunder,
As angry to be rob'd of ſuch a bliſſe:
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other bluſht, cauſe it had done the wrong.

Out

2.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green ſattin quilt, whoſe perfect white
Lookt like a Dazie in a field of graſſe,
* And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight,
There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
The reſt oth' body that lay faſt aſleep.

Thus ſa
Shake-
ſpear.

3.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuffe made,
That it broke through, and ſhew'd it ſelf in ſcorn.
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
which turnd to ſmiles ſtil as't came near her face.

4.

Her beams (which ſome dul men call'd hair) divided
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did ſport,
But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill; ſome
Wiſelyer downwards ſought, but falling ſhort,
Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn agen
To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in.

THat none beguiled be by times quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock ſtill going;
For though Time be nimble, his motions
are quicker
and thicker
where Love hath his notions:

Hope

Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſſe wheels, fear, joy, inſpire;
the ballance is thought, evermore
clicking
and ſtriking,
and ne're giving ore
Occaſions the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the Critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike
kiſſes,
ſtrange bliſſes,
and what you beſt like.

1.

'Tis now ſince I ſate down before
That fooliſh Fort, a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a Year, and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

2.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

3.

Proceeded on with no leſſe Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whiſpering in the ear.

When

4.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Canon-oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the Town,
And ſtill it yeelded not.

5.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the place
By cutting off all kiſſes,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all ſuch little bliſſes.

6.

To draw her out, and from her ſtrength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought my ſelf to lie at length
As if no ſiege had been.

7.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine owne,
The Enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at all was done.

8.

I ſent to know from whence, and where,
Theſe hopes, and this relief?
A Spie inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

9.

March, march (quoth I) the word ſtraight give,
Lets loſe no time, but leave her:
That Giant upon ayre will live,
And hold it out for ever.

10.

To such a place our Camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her Love
Onely to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohalls *Wedding.*

Dialogue.

S. *B.*

S. IN bed dull man?
When *Love* and *Hymens* Revels are begun,
And the Church Ceremonis past and done.
B. Why who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull Heretick, thou wouldst say,
He that is gone to Heaven's gone astray;
Brohall our gallant friend
's gone to Church as Martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ but i'th'end,
Since both do take
The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor staid he till the formal Priest had done,
But ere that part was finisht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The hast and eagerness men have to seal
That long to tell the money.
A sprigg of Willow in his hat he wore,
(The loosers badge and liv'ry heretofore)

But now ſo ordered that it might be taken
By lookers on, forſaking as forſaken.
And now and then
A careles ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear *Jack*) I ſaw
Thought I
How weak is Lovers Law?
The bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe.

But was the fair Nymphs praiſe or power leſſe
That led him captive now to happineſſe?
'Cauſe ſhe did not a forreign aid deſpiſe,
But enterr'd breaches made by others eyes:
The Gods forbid,
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the Town.
To Hawkes (good *Jack*) and hearts
There may
Be ſev'ral waies and Arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame;
Another, when they're ready, ſhews them game.

Sir,

WHether theſe lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether Predeſtination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the Colledge Steed:

In

Leave *Socinus* and the Schoolmen,
(Which *Jack Bond* ſwears do but fool men)
And come to Town; 'tis fit you ſhow
Your ſelf abroad, that men may know
(What e're ſome learned men have gueſt)
That Oracles are not yet ceas't:
There you ſhall find the wit, and wine
Flowing alike, and both divine:
Diſhes, with names not known in books,
And leſſe amongſt the Colledge-Cooks,
With ſauce ſo pregnant that you need
Not ſtay till hunger bids you feed.
The ſweat of learned *Johnſons* brain,
And gentle *Shakeſpear's* eas'er ſtrain,
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In ſpite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you ſit.
The Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
News in one day as much w'have here
As ſerves all *Windſor* for a year,
And which the Carrier brings to you,
After 't has here been found not true.
Then think what Company's deſign'd
To meet you here, men ſo refin'd,
Their very common talk at boord,
Makes wiſe, or mad a young Court-Lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's Fathers Company.
Where no diſputes nor forc't defence
Of a mans perſon for his ſence
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of truth, as victory:
And where you come, I'de boldly ſwear
A Synod might as eas'ly erre.

Againſt Fruition.

FYe upon hearts that burn with mutual fire;
I hate two minds that breath but one deſire:
Were I to curſe th'unhallow'd ſort of men,
I'de wiſh them to love, and be lov'd agen.
Love's a *Camelion*, that lives on meer ayre;
And ſurfets when it comes to groſſer fare:
'Tis petty Jealouſies, and little fears,
Hopes joyn'd with doubts, and joyes with *April* tears,
That crowns our Love with pleaſures: theſe are gone
When once we come to full *Fruition*.
Like waking in a morning, when all night
Our fancy hath been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a ſtroke 'twould be! Sure I ſhould die,
Should I but hear my miſtreſſe once ſay, I.
That monſter expectation feeds too high
For any Woman e're to ſatiſfie:
And no brave Spirit ever car'd for that
Which in Down-beds with eaſe he could come at.
Shee's but an honeſt whore that yeelds, although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as ſnow:
He that enjoys her hath no more to ſay
But keep us Faſting if you'l have us pray.
Then faireſt Miſtreſſe, hold the power you have,
By ſtill denying what we ſtill do crave:
In keeping us in hopes ſtrange things to ſee
That never were, nor are, nor e're ſhall be.

A Ballade.

Upon a Wedding.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake, or Fair.

At *Charing-Croſſe*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee comming down
Such folk as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt, in Pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, one Peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-Park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the Maids i'th' Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juyce.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was nice,
She would not do't in ſight,
And then ſhe lookt as who ſhould ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)

For

For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherne Pear,
(The ſide that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin ;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly.)
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo guard her face ;
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty bin ;
(She lookt that day ſo purely,)
And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each ſerving man with diſh in hand,
Marcht boldly up, like our Train'd Band,
Preſented, and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated ?
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

The buſ'neſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deni'd:
Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.

Now hatts fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The Brides came thick and thick:
And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth.
(And who could help it? *Dick*)

O'th' ſodain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiſſe:
Thus ſev'ral waies the time did paſſe,
Till ev'ry Woman wiſht her place,
And ev'ry Man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide
To counſel and undreſſe the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gheſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
Good Boy! with all my heart.

But juſt as heav'ns would have to croſſe it,
In came the Bridemaids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

For

For had he left the Women to't
It would have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out and out,
All that they had not done, they do't:
What that is, who can tell?
But I beleeve it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

MY deareſt Rival, leaſt our Love
Should with excentrique motion move,
Before it learn to go aſtray,
Wee'l teach and ſet it in a way,
And ſuch directions give unto't,
That it ſhall never wander foot.
Know firſt then, we will ſerve as true
For one poor ſmile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wiſh could frame.
Impoſſible ſhall be our hope;
And Love ſhall onely have his ſcope
To joyn with Fancy now and then,
And think what reaſon would condemn:
And on theſe grounds wee'l love as true,
As if they were moſt ſure t'enſue:
And chaſtly for theſe things wee'l ſtay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In Loves burdens bear their parts:
Thou firſt ſhall ſigh, and ſay ſhee's fair;
And I'le ſtill anſwer, paſt compare.

Thou

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o'th face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſht at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it:
Thou ſhalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majeſty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea we will ſit and ſigh a while,
And with ſoft thoughts ſome time beguil;
But ſtraight again break out and praiſe
All we had done before new-waies.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath,
And then whoſe fate ſhall be to die
Firſt of us two, by Legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His love to him that ſhall ſurvive;
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhee'l deſerve.

Song

Song.

1.

HOneſt Lover whoſoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

2.

If when ſhe appears i'th' room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb,
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

3.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſwad'ſt thy ſelf that jeaſts are broken,
When ſhe hath little or nothing ſpoken,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

If

4.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou lett'ſt not men ask and ask agen,
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was askt thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

5.

If when thy ſtomack calls to eat,
Thou cutt'ſt not fingers 'ſteed of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

6.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect Lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſſe,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Sisters.

BEleev't yong Man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many yards and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predestination,
Or the nice points we now dispute upon,
Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,
It had not been so easily decided
And sure the apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; hee's impudent, dares say
Which is the handsomer till one's away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the Eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind-god's dart:
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik't, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are chusing now:
Variety, and equal objects make
The busie eye still doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The others body, gesture, or her grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

NOw we have taught our Love to know
That it muſt creep where't cannot go.
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſſe t'enquire
What fuel ſhould maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholy be her part;
(For thou and I, like Clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiſſe
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſſe.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks meer fire will ſtill engender:
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By onely bidding us do more:
So (though ſhe ſtill a niggard be)
In graceing, where none's due, ſhee's free:
The favors ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
(Leaſt we ſhould grow preſumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be ſhown,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:

The Ribbon, Fan, or Muffe that ſhe
Would ſhould be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before to many,
But neither thrown to's when there's any;
So that her ſelf ſhould doubtful be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or ſhe.
She ſhall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet ſhall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, ſhe would extol:
Love ſhe ſhall feed, but fear to nouriſh,
For where fear is, love cannot flouriſh;
Yet live it muſt, nay muſt and ſhall,
While *Deſdemona* is at all:
But when ſhee's gone, then Love ſhall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

Farewel to Love.

1.

WEll ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

2.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

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All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

3.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a mark't place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up do's ſnatch.

4.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the Counterfeit.

5.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new diſcovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I encreaſe that ſcore.

6.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper skin;
The gazers Joy, and ſin.

7.

The Gun and gliſt'ning which with art
And ſtudi'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (juſt) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the *Hay*.

8.

The Locks, that curl'd o're each eare be,
Hang like two Maſter-worms to me,
That (as we ſee)
Have taſted to the reſt
Two holes, where they lik't beſt.

9.

A quick coarſe me-thinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

10.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee
How I have lov'd before.
And ſo I love no more.

FINIS.

LETTERS

To divers Eminent

PERSONAGES:

Written on ſeveral Occaſions,

By

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

LONDON,
Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1646.

FOrtune and Love have ever been ſo incompatible, that it is no wonder (Madam) if having had ſo much of the one for you, I have ever found ſo little of the other for my ſelf; Comming to Town (and having rid as if I had brought intelligence of a new-landed Enemy to the State) I find you gone the day before, and with you (Madam) all that is conſiderable upon the place; for though you have left behind you, faces whoſe beauties might well excuſe perjury in others, yet in me they cannot, ſince to the making that no ſin, Loves Caſuiſts have moſt rationally reſolved, that ſhe for whom we forſake, ought to be handſomer then the forſaken, which would be here impoſſible: So that now a gallerie hung with *Titians* or *Vandikes* hand, and a chamber filled with living Excellence, are the ſame things to me; and the uſe that I ſhall make of that Sex now, will be no other then that which the wiſer ſort of Catholiques do of Pictures; at the higheſt, they but ſerve to raiſe my devotion to you: Should a great Beauty now reſolve to take me in (as that is all they think belongs to it) with the Artillery of her eyes, it would be as vain, as for a

Thief to ſet upon a new robd paſſenger; You Ma-
dam) have my heart already, nor can you uſe
unkindly but with ſome injuſtice, ſince (beſide
that it left a good ſervice to wait on you) it wa
never known to ſtay ſo long, or ſo willingly be
fore with any; After all, the wages will not b
high; for it hath been brought up under Plato
nicks, and knows no other way of being paid fo
ſervice, then by being commanded more; whic
truth when you doubt, you have but to ſend t
its maſter and

Your humble Servant,
F. S.

A diſſwaſion from Love.

Jack,

THough your diſeaſe be in the number o
thoſe that are better cured with time the
precept, yet ſince it is lawful for every man t
practiſe upon them that are forſaken and give
over (which I take to be your ſtate) I will adven-
ture to preſcribe to you; and of the innocence o
the Phyſick you ſhall not need to doubt, ſince I
can aſſure you I take it daily my ſelf.

To begin Methodically, I ſhould enjoyn yo
Travel; for Abſence doth in a kind remove th
cauſe (removing the object) and anſwers th
Phyſitians firſt Recipez, vomiting and purging;
but this would be too harſh, and indeed not agree-
ing

ing to my way. I therefore adviſe you to ſee her as often as you can, for (beſides that the rarity of viſits endears them) this may bring you to ſurpriſe her, and to diſcover little defects, which though they cure not abſolutely, yet they qualifie the fury of the Feaver: As neer as you can let it be unſeaſonably, when ſhe is in ſicknes, and diſorder; for that will let you know ſhe is mortal, and a Woman, and the laſt would be enough to a wiſe man: If you could draw her to diſcourſe of things ſhe underſtands not, it would not be amiſſe.

Contrive your ſelf often into the Company of the cryed-up Beauties; for if you read but one book, it will be no wonder if you ſpeak or write that ſtile; variety will breed diſtraction, and that will be a kind of diverting the humour.

I would not have you deny your ſelf the little things (for theſe Agues are eaſier cured with Surfets than abſtinence) rather (if you can) taſt all: for that (as an old Author ſaith) will let you ſee

That the thing for which we wooe,
Is not worth ſo much ado.

But ſince that here would be impoſſible, you muſt be content to take it where you can get it. And this for your comfort I muſt tell you (*Jack*) that Miſtreſſe and Woman differ no otherwiſe then Frontiniack and ordinary Grapes: which though a man loves never ſo well, yet if he ſurfet of the laſt, he will care but little for the firſt.

I would have you leave that fooliſh humour

(*Jack*) of ſaying you are not in love with her, and pretending you care not for her; for ſmothered fires are dangerous, and malicious humors are beſt and ſafeſt vented and breathed out. Continue your affection to your Rival ſtill, that will ſecure you from one way of loving, which is in ſpite; and preſerve your friendſhip with her woman; for who knows but ſhe may help you to the remedy.

A jolly glaſſe and right Company would much conduce to the cure; for though in the Scripture (by the way it is but *Apocrypha*) Woman is reſolved ſtronger than Wine, yet whether it will be ſo or not, when wit is joyned to it, may prove a freſh queſtion.

Marrying (as our friend the late Ambaſſador hath wittily obſerved) would certainly cure it; but that is a kind of live Pigeons laid to the ſoals of the feet, a laſt remedy, and (to ſay truth) worſe than the diſeaſe.

But (*Jack*) I remember I promiſed you a letter, not a Treaty; I now expect you ſhould be juſt, and as I have ſhewed you how to get out of love, ſo you (according to our bargain) ſhould teach me how to get into it. I know you have but one way, and will preſcribe me now to look upon Miſtris *Howard*; but for that I muſt tell you aforehand, that it is love as in Antipathy; The Capers which will make my Lord of *Dorſet* go from the Table, another man will eat up. And (*Jack*) if you would make a viſit to *Bedlam*, you ſhall find, that

that there are rarely two there mad for the ſame thing.

Your humble Servant.

THough (*Madam*) I have ever hitherto beleeved play to be a thing in it ſelf as meerly indifferent as Religion to a Stateſ-man, or love made in a privie-chamber; yet hearing you have reſolved it otherwiſe for me, my faith ſhall alter without becomming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it ſhould do ſo; ſo great and juſt a Soveraignty is that your reaſon hath above all others, that mine muſt be a Rebel to it ſelf, ſhould it not obey thus eaſily; and indeed all the infallibility of judgement we poor Proteſtants have, is at this time wholy in your hands.

The loſſe of a Miſtris (which kills men onely in Romances, and is ſtill digeſted with the firſt meat we eat after it) had yet in me raiſed up ſo much paſſion, and ſo juſt a quarrel (as I thought) to Fortune for it, that I could not but tempt her to do me right upon the firſt occaſion: yet (*Maddame*) has it not made me ſo deſperate but that I can ſit down a loſer both of that time and money too, when there ſhall be the leaſt fear of loſing you.

And now, ſince I know your Ladyſhip is too wiſe to ſuppoſe to your ſelf impoſſibilities, and therefore cannot think of ſuch a thing, as of making me abſolutely good; it will not be without ſome

ſome impatience that I ſhall attend to know what ſin you will be pleaſed to aſſigne me in the room of this: ſomething that has leſſe danger about it (I conceive it would be) and therefore if you pleaſe (*Madam*) let it not be Women: for to ſay truth, it is a dyet I cannot yet relliſh, otherwiſe then men do that on which they ſurfetted laſt.

Your humbleſt Servant,
F. S.

Madam,

BEfore this inſtant I did not beleeve *Warwick-ſhire* the other world, or that *Milcot* walks had been the bleſſed ſhades. At my arrival here I am ſaluted by all as riſen from the dead, and have had joy given me as prepoſterouſly and as impertinently as they give it to men who marry where they do not love. If I ſhould now die in earneſt, my friends have nothing to pay me, for they have diſcharged the Rites of Funeral ſorrow before hand. Nor do I take it ill, that report which made *Richard* the ſecond alive ſo often after he was dead, ſhould kill me as often when I am alive; The advantage is on my ſide: The onely quarrel I have, is that they have made uſe of the whole Book of Martyrs upon me; and without all queſtion the firſt Chriſtians under the great perſecutions ſuffered not in 500. years, ſo many ſeveral waies as I have done in ſix daies in this lewd Town. This (*Madam*) may ſeem ſtrange unto you

now,

now, who know the Company I was in; and certainly if at that time I had departed this tranſitory World, it had been a way they had never thought on; and this Epitaph of the Spaniards (changing the names) would better have become my Grave-ſtone, then any other my friends the Poets would have found out for me:

Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
His left Pappe,
The Orifice of which was ſo
Small, no Chirurgion could
Diſcover it.
Reader,
If thou wouldſt avoid ſo ſtrange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *eyes.*

Now all this diſcourſe of dying (*Madam*) is but to let you know how dangerous a thing it is to be long from *London*, eſpecially in a place which is concluded out of the World. If you are not to be frighted hither, I hope you are to be perſwaded; and if good Sermons, or good Playes, new Braveries, or freſh Wit, Revells (*Madam*) Masks that are to be, have any Rhetorique about them, here they are I aſſure you in perfection; without asking leave of the Provinces beyond Seas, or the aſſent of———— I write not this that you ſhould think I value theſe pleaſures above thoſe of *Milcot*: for I muſt here proteſt, I preferre

preferre the ſingle Tabor and Pipe in the great Hall, far above them : and were there no more belonging to a journey then riding ſo many miles (would my affairs conſpire with my deſires) your Ladyſhip ſhould find there not at the bottom of a Letter

Madam,

Your humble Servant,

Madam,

I Thank Heaven we live in an Age in which the Widdows wear Coulers, and in a Country where the Women that loſe their Husbands may be truſted with poiſon, knives, and all the burning coals in *Europe*, notwithſtanding the preſident of *Sophonisba* and *Portia* : Conſidering the eſtate you are in now, I ſhould reaſonably imagine meaner Phyſitians then *Seneca* or *Cicero* might adminiſter comfort. It is ſo far from me to imagine this accident ſhould ſurprize you, that in my opinion it ſhould not make you wonder; it being not ſtrange at all that a man who hath lived ill all his time in a houſe, ſhould break a Window, or ſteal away in the night through an unuſual Poſtern: you are now free, and what matter is it to a Priſoner whether the fetters be taken off the ordinary way or not? If inſteed of putting off handſomly the chain of Matrimony, he hath rudely broke it, 'tis at his owne charge, nor ſhould it coſt you a tear; Nothing (*Madam*) has worſe Mine than

than counterfet ſorrow, and you muſt have the height of Womans Art to make yours appear other, eſpecially when the ſpectators ſhall conſider all the ſtory.

The ſword that is placed betwixt a contracted Princeſſe and an Ambaſſador, was as much a Huſband, and the onely difference was, that that ſword laid in the bed, allowed one to ſupply its place; this Huſband denied all, like a falſe Crow ſet up in a Garden, which keeps others from the fruit it cannot taſte it ſelf: I would not have you ſo much as enquire whether it were with his garters or his Cloak-bag ſtrings, nor ingage your ſelf to freſh ſighs by hearing new relations.

The Spaniſh Princeſſe *Leonina* (whom *Balzac* delivers the Ornament of the laſt Age) was wiſe; who hearing a Poſt was ſent to tell her her Huſband was dead, and knowing the Secretary was in the way for that purpoſe, ſent to ſtay the Poſt till the arrival of the Secretary, that ſhe might not be obliged to ſhed tears twice. Of ill things the leſſe we know, the better. Curioſity would here be as vain, as if a Cuckold ſhould enquire whether it were upon the Couch or a Bed, and whether the Cavalier pulld off his Spurrs firſt or not. I muſt confeſſe it is a juſt ſubject for our ſorrow to hear of any that does quit his ſtation without his leave that placed him there; and yet as ill a Mine as this Act has: 't was *a-la-Romanſci*, as you may ſee by a line of Mr. *Shakeſpears*, who bringing in *Titinius* after a loſt battel, ſpeaking to his

his ſword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds

By your leave Gods, this a Romanes part.

'Tis true, I think Cloak-bag ſtrings were not then ſo much in faſhion; but to thoſe that are not Sword-men, the way is not ſo deſpicable; and for my owne part, I aſſure you Chriſtianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wiſh with all my heart that all the diſcontents in his Majeſties three Kingdoms would find out this very way of ſatisfying themſelves and the world.

I. S.

Sir,

SInce the ſetling of your Family would certainly much conduce to the ſetling of your mind (the care of the one being the trouble of the other) I cannot but reckon it in the number of my misfortunes, that my affairs deny me the content I ſhould take to ſerve you in it.

It would be too late now for me (I ſuppoſe) to advance or confirm you in thoſe good reſolutions I left you in, being confident your own reaſon hath been ſo juſt to you, as long before this to have repreſented a neceſſity of redeeming time and fame, and of taking an handſome revenge upon your ſelf for the injuries you would have done your ſelf.

Change I confeſſe (to them that think all at once) muſt needs be ſtrange, and to you hateful, whom firſt your owne nature, and then cuſtome

another

another nature, have brought to delight in thoſe narrow and uncouth waies we found you in. You muſt therefore conſider that you have entred into one of thoſe neer conjunctions of which death is the onely honourable divorce; and that you have now to pleaſe another as well as your ſelf; who though ſhe be a Woman, and by the patent ſhe hath from nature, hath liberty to do ſimply; yet can ſhe never be ſo ſtrongly bribed againſt her ſelf, as to betray at once all her hopes and ends, and for your ſake reſolve to live miſerably. Examples of ſuch loving folly our times afford but few; and in thoſe there are, you ſhall find the ſtock of Love to have been greater, and their ſtrengths richer to maintain it, than is to be feared yours can be.

Woman (beſides the trouble) has ever been thought a Rent-charge, and though through the vain curioſity of man it has often been incloſed, yet has it ſeldom been brought to improve or become profitable; It faring with marryed men for the moſt part, as with thoſe that at great charges wall in grounds and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Mellons elſewhere then in their owne Gardens Cucumbers. The ruines that either time, ſickneſſe, or the melancholy you ſhall give her, ſhall bring; muſt all be made up at your coſt: for that thing a huſband is but Tenant for life in what he holds, and is bound to leave the place Tenantable to the next that ſhall take it. To conclude, a young Woman is a Hawk upon her

her wings; and if ſhe be handſome, ſhe is the more ſubject to go out at check; Faulkners that can but ſeldom ſpring right game, ſhould ſtill have ſomething about them to take them down with. The Lure to which all ſtoop in this world, is either garniſht with profit or pleaſure, and when you cannot throw her the one, you muſt be content to ſhew out the other. This I ſpeak not out of a deſire to increaſe your fears which are already but too many, but out of a hope that when you know the worſt, you will at once leap into the River, and ſwim through handſomly, and not (weather-beaten with the divers blaſts of irreſolution) ſtand ſhivering upon the brink.

Doubts and fears are of all the ſharpeſt paſſions, and are ſtill turning diſtempers to diſeaſes; through theſe falſe Opticks 'tis, all that you ſee is like evening ſhaddows, diſproportionable to the truth, and ſtrangely longer then the true ſubſtance: Theſe (when a handſome way of living and expence ſutable to your Fortune is repreſented to you) makes you in their ſtead ſee want and beggery: thruſting upon your judgement impoſſibilities for likelyhoods, which they with eaſe may do (ſince as *Solomon* ſaith) they betray the ſuccors that reaſon offers.

'Tis true, that all here below is but diverſified folly, and that the little things we laugh at Children for, we do but act our ſelves in great; yet is there difference of Lunacy, and of the two, I had much rather be mad with him, that (when he had nothing)

nothing) thought all the Ships that came into the Haven his ; Than with you, who (when you have ſo much comming in) think you have nothing; This fear of loſing all in you, is the ill iſſue of a worſe Parent, deſire of getting in you; So that if you would not be paſſion-rent, you muſt ceaſe to be covetous : Money in your hand is like the Conjurers Divel, which, while you think you have, that has you.

The rich Talent that God hath given, or rather lent you, you have hid up in a napkin, and Man knows no difference betwixt that and Treaſures kept by ill Spirits, but that yours is the harder to come by. To the guarding of theſe golden Apples, of neceſſity muſt be kept thoſe never ſleeping Dragons, Fear, Jealouſie, Diſtruſt, and the like; ſo that you are come to moralize *AEſop*, and his fables of beaſts are become prophecies of you; for while you have catcht at the ſhadow, uncertain riches; you have loſt the ſubſtance, true content.

The deſire I have ye ſhould be yet your ſelf; and that your friends ſhould have occaſion to bleſſe the providence of miſſortune, has made me take the boldnes to give you your own Character; and to ſhew you your ſelf out of your own glaſſe: And though all this tells you but where you are, yet it is ſome part of a cure to have ſearcht the wound. And for this time we muſt be content to do like Travellers, who firſt find out the place, and then the neereſt way.

My Noble Lord,

YOur humble Servant had the honour to receive from your hand a Letter, and had the grace upon the ſight of it to bluſh. I but then found my owne negligence, and but now could have the opportunity to ask pardon for it. We have ever ſince been upon a March, and the places we are come to, have afforded rather blood than Inke: and of all things, Sheets have been the hardeſt to come by, ſpecially thoſe of Paper. If theſe few lines ſhall have the happines to kiſſe your hand, they can aſſure, that he that ſent them knows none to whom he owes more obligation then to your Lordſhip, and to whom he would more willingly pay it: and that it muſt be no leſſe than neceſſity it ſelf that can hinder him from often preſenting it. *Germany* hath no whit altered me, I am ſtill the humble ſervant of my Lord [ ] that I was, and when I ceaſe to be ſo, I muſt ceaſe to be *John Suckling.*

SInce you can breath no one deſire that was not mine before it was yours,—— or full as ſoon, (for hearts united never knew divided wiſhes) I muſt chide you (dear Princeſſe) not thank you, for your Preſent: and (if at leaſt I knew how) be angry with you for ſending him a bluſh, who needs muſt bluſh becauſe you ſent him one. If you are conſcious of much, what am I then? who guilty

guilty am of all you can pretend to, and ſomthing more— unworthineſſe. But why ſhould you at all (Heart of my heart) diſturb the happines you have ſo newly given me? or make love feed on doubts, that never yet could thrive on ſuch a diet? *If I have granted your requeſt* ——————Oh! —— Why will you ever ſay that you have ſtudied me, and give ſo great an inſtance to the contrary? that wretched *If*—— ſpeaks as if I would refuſe what you deſire, or could: both which are equally impoſſible. My dear Princeſſe, There needs no new Approaches where the Breach is made already; nor muſt you ever ask any where, but of your fair ſelf, for any thing that ſhall concern

Your humble Servant.

My Dearest Princeſſe,

BUt that I know I love you more then ever any did any, and that yet I hate my ſelf becauſe I can love you no more, I ſhould now moſt unſatiſfied diſpatch away this meſſenger.

The little that I can write to what I would, makes me think writing a dull commerce, and then— how can I chuſe but wiſh my ſelf with you— to ſay the reſt. My Dear Dear, think what merit, vertue, beauty, what and how far *Aglaura* with all her charmes can oblige, and ſo far and ſomething more I am

Your humble Servant.

A Letter to a Friend to diſwade him from marrying a Widow *which he formerly had been in Love with, and quitted.*

AT this time when no hot Planet fires the blood, and when the *Lunaticks* of *Bedlam* themſelves are truſted abroad; that you ſhould run mad, is (*Sir*) not ſo much a ſubject for your friends *pitty*, as their *wonder*. 'Tis true, *Love* is a *natural diſtemper*, a kind of *Small Pocks*: Every one either hath had it, or is to expect it, & the ſooner the better.

Thus far you are excuſed: But having been well cured of a *Fever*, to court a *Relapſe*, to make *Love* the *ſecond time* in the *ſame Place*, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe then to fall into a *Quagmire* by *chance*, and ride into it

An Anſwer to the Letter.

CEaſe to *wonder* (honeſt *Jack*) and give me leave to *pitty thee*, who laboureſt to condemn that which thou confeſſeſt *natural*, and the *ſooner had*, the *better*.

Thus far there needs no *excuſe*, unleſſe it be on *thy* behalf, who ſtileſt *ſecond thoughts* (which are by all allowed the *Beſt*) a *relapſe*, and talkeſt of a *quagmire* where no man ever ſtuck faſt, and accuſeſt *conſtancy* of *miſchief* in what is *natural*, and *adviſedly undertaken*.

'Tis confeſt that *Love* changed often doth nothing; nay 'tis nothing: for *Love* and *change* are incompatible: but where it is kept fixt to its firſt object, though it *burn* not, yet it *warms* afterwards

afterwards on *purpoſe*. 'Tis not *love* (*Tom*) that that doth the miſchief, but *conſtancy*, for *Love* is of the nature of a *burning-glaſſe*, which kept ſtill in one place, *fireth*: changed often, it doth *nothing*: a kind of *glowing-Coal*, which with ſhifting from hand to hand a man eaſily endures. But then to *marry*! (*Tom*) Why thou hadſt better to live *honeſt*. *Love* thou knowſt is *blind*, what will he do when he hath *Fetters* on thinkeſt thou?

Doſt thou know what *marriage* is? 'Tis *curing* of *Love* the *deareſt way*, or waking a *looſing Gameſter* out of a *winning dream*: and after a long expectation of a ſtrange *banquet*, a preſentation of a *homely meal*. Alas! (*Tom*) *Love-ſeeds* when it runs up to *Matrimony*, and is good for nothing. Like and *cheriſheth*, ſo as it needs no *tranſplantation*, or *change* of *ſoyl* to make it fruitful: and certainly if *Love* be *natural*, to *marry* is the beſt *Recipe* for living honeſt.

Yes, I know what *mariage* is, and know you know it not, by terming it the *deareſt way* of *curing Love*: for certainly there goes more charge to the keeping of a *Stable full* of *horſes*, then *one* onely *Steed*: and much of vanity is therein beſides: when, be the errand what it will, this *one Steed* ſhall ſerve your turn as well as twenty more. Oh! if you could ſerve your *Steed* ſo!

Marriage turns pleaſing *Dreams* to raviſhing *Realities* which out doe what *Fancy* or *expectation* can frame unto themſelves.

That *Love* doth *ſeed* when it runs into *Matri-*

ſome *Fruit-trees*, it muſt be tranſplanted if thou wouldſt have it active, and bring forth any thing.

Thou now perchance haſt vowed all that can be vowed to any *one face*, and thinkſt thou haſt left nothing unſaid to it: do but make *love* to *another*, and if thou art not ſuddenly furniſht with *new-language*, and *freſh oathes*, I will conclude *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe then ever he did any of his train.

After all this, to marry *Widow*, a kind of *chew'd-meat*! What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not eat of a diſh til another man hath cut of it? who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh water enough for asking?

Life is ſometimes a long-journey: to be *mony*, is undoubted *truth*: how elſe ſhould it *increaſe* and *multiply*, which is its greateſt *bleſsing*.

'Tis not the want of *Love*, nor *Cupids* fault, if every day afford not *new-language*, and *new-waies* of expreſſing affection: it rather may be cauſed through an *exceſſe* of *joy*, which oftentimes ſtrikes *dumb*.

Theſe things conſidered I will *marry*, nay, and to prove the ſecond *Paradox* falſe, I'le marry a *Widow*, who is rather the *chewer*, then *thing chewed*. How ſtrangely fantaſtical is he who will be an hour in plucking on a *ſtrait-boot*, when he may be forthwith furniſht with enough that will come on eaſily, and do him as much credit, and better ſervice? *Wine* when *firſt-broacht*, drinks not half ſo well as after a while *drawing*. Would

tyed

tyed to ride upon one beaſt ſtill, and that half-tyr'd to thy hand too! Think upon that (*Tom.*)

Well; If thou muſt needs *marry* (as who can tell to what height thou haſt ſinned? Let it be a *Maid*, and no *Widow*: (for as a modern Author hath wittily reſolved in this caſe) 'tis better (if a man muſt be in Priſon) to lie in a private room then in the hole.

you not think him a mad man who whilſt he might fair & eaſily ride on the *beaten-road-way*, ſhould trouble himſelf with *breaking up* of *gaps*? a well wayed horſe will ſafely convay thee to thy journeys end, when an *unbackt Filly* may by chance give thee a fall: 'Tis *Prince*-like to marry a *Widow*, for 'tis to have a *Taſter*.

Tis true, *life* may prove a *long-journey*; and ſo believe me it muſt do, A *very long one* too, before the *Beaſt* you talke of prove *tyr'd*. Think you upon that (*Jack.*)

Thus, *Jack*, thou ſeeſt my wel-tane reſolution of *marrying*, and that a *Widow*, not a *maid*; to which I am much induced out of what *Pythagoras* ſaith (in his 2*da Sect. cuniculorum*) that *it is better lying in the hole, then ſitting in the Stocks.*

WHen I receive your lines (my Dear Princeſſe) and find there expreſſions of a Paſſion; though reaſon and my own imme-rit tell me, it muſt not be for me; yet is the Cozenage ſo pleaſing to me, that I (bribed by my own deſires) beleeve them ſtill before the other. Then do I glory that my Virgin-Love has ſtaid for ſuch an object to fixe upon, and think how good the Stars were to me that kept me from quenching thoſe flames (Youth or wild Love furniſhed me withall) in common and ordinary Waters, and reſerved me a Sacrifice for your eyes;—— While thought thus ſmiles and ſolaces himſelf within me, cruel Remembrance breaks in upon our retirements, and tells ſo ſad a Story, that (truſt me) I forget all that pleaſed Fancy ſaid before, and turnes my thoughts to where I left you. Then I conſider that ſtormes neither know Courtſhip, nor Pittie, and that thoſe rude blaſts will often make you a Priſoner this Winter, if they doe no worſe.

While I here enjoy freſh diverſion, you make the ſufferings more, by having leiſure to conſider them; nor have I now any way left me to make mine equal with them, but by often conſidering that they are not ſo: for the thought that I cannot be with you to bear my ſhare, is more intolerable to me, then if I had borne more

more——————————— but I was onely born to number houres, and not enjoy them——————————— yet can I never think my ſelfe unfortunate, while I can write my ſelfe

Aglaura,

Her humble Servant.

VVHen I conſider (my Dear Princeſſe that I have no other pretence to your favours, then that which all men have to the Original of Beauty, Light: which we enjoy not that it is the inheritance of our eyes, but becauſe things moſt excellent cannot reſtrain themſelves, but are ours, as they are diffuſively good; Then doe I find the juſtneſſe of your quarrel, and cannot but bluſh to think what I doe owe, but much more to thinke what I doe pay, Since I have made the Principal ſo great, by ſending in ſo little Intereſt——— ——————————— When you have received this humble confeſſion, you will not I hope, conceive me one that would (though upon your bidding) enjoy my ſelfe, while there is ſuch a thing in the world, as———

Aglaura———————————

Her humble Servant.

J. S.

So

SO much (*Dear*——) was I ever yours ſince I had firſt the honour to know you, and conſequently ſo little my ſelf ſince I had the unhappines to part with you, that you your ſelf (*Dear*) without what I would ſay, cannot but have been ſo juſt as to have imagined the welcom of your own letters; though indeed they have but removed me from one Rack, to ſet me on another; from fears and doubts I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietneſſe within my ſelf, till I have deſerv'd this Intelligence.

How pleaſingly troubleſome thought and remembrance have been to me ſince I left you, I am no more able now to expreſſe, then another to have them ſo. You onely could make every place you came in worth the thinking of, and I do think thoſe places worthy my thought onely, becauſe you made them ſo. But I am to leave them, and I ſhall do't the willinger, becauſe the Gameſter ſtill is ſo much in me, as that I love not to be told too often of my loſſes: Yet every place will be alike, ſince every good object will do the ſame. Variety of Beauty and of Faces (quick underminers of Conſtancy to others) to me will be but pillars to ſupport it; Since when they pleaſe me moſt, I moſt ſhall think of you.

In ſpite of all Philoſophy, it will be hotteſt in my Climate, when my Sun is fartheſt off; and in ſpite of all reaſon, I proclaim, that I am not my ſelf but when I am *Yours wholy.*

Though

THough deſire in thoſe that love be ſtill like too much ſail in a ſtorm, and man cannot ſo eaſily ſtrike, or take all in when he pleaſes: Yet (Deareſt Princeſſe) be it never ſo hard, when you ſhall think it dangerous, I ſhall not make it difficult, though—— Well; Love is love, and Aire is Aire; and (though you are a Miracle your ſelf) yet do not I believe that you can work any; without it I am confident you can never make theſe two thus different in themſelves, one and the ſelf ſame thing; when you ſhall, it will be ſome ſmall furtherance towards it, that you have

Your humble ſervant.
F. S.

Who ſo truly loves the fair *Aglaura*, that he will never know deſire, at leaſt not entertain it, that brings not letters of recommendation from her, or firſt a fair Paſport.

My Dear Dear,

THink I have kiſt your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to anſwer. Or that now I am anſwering, I am kiſſing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you muſt pardon, I muſt hate all I ſend you here, becauſe it expreſſes nothing in reſpect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! Why ſhould I write then? Why ſhould I not come my ſelf? Thoſe Tyrants, buſineſſe, honour, and neceſſity, what have they to do with you and I? Why ſhould we not do Loves Com-

commands before theirs whoſe Soveraignty is but uſurped upon us? Shall we not ſmell to Roſes 'cauſe others do look on? or gather them, 'cauſe there are prickles, and ſomething that would hinder us? Dear — I fain would — and know no hindrance — but what muſt come from you — and — why ſhould any come? ſince 'tis not I, but you muſt be ſenſible how much time we loſe, It being long ſince I was not my ſelf, but

Yours.

Dear Princeſſe,

FInding the date of your Letter ſo young, and having an aſſurance from [ ] who at the ſame time heard from Mr. [ ] that all our Letters have been delivered at [*B*] I cannot but imagine ſome ill miſtake, and that you have not received any at all. Faith I have none in Welch-man; and though Fear and Suſpition look often ſo far that they overſee the right, yet when Love holds the Candle, they ſeldom do miſtake ſo much. My Deareſt Princeſſe, I ſhall long, next hearing you are well, to hear that they are ſafe: for though I can never be aſhamed to be found an Idolater to ſuch a ſhrine as yours, yet ſince the world is ful of profane eyes, the beſt way, ſure, is to keep all myſteries from them, and to let privacy be (what indeed it is) the beſt part of devotion. So thinks

My D. D. P.

Your humble Servant.

Since

SInce the inferiour Orbes move but by the firſt, without all queſtion deſires and hopes in me are to be govern'd ſtill by you, as they by it. What mean theſe fears then? Dear Princeſſe.

Though Planets wander, yet is the Sphere that carries them the ſame ſtill; and though wiſhes in me may be extravagant, yet he in whom they make their motion is, you know, my dear Princeſſe, *Yours, and wholy to be diſpoſed of by you.*

And till we hear from you, though (according to the form of concluding a Letter) we ſhould now reſt, we cannot.

Fair Princeſſe,

IF parting be a ſin (as ſure it is) what then to part from you? if to extenuate an ill be to increaſe it, what then now to excuſe it by a letter? That which we would alledge to leſſen it, with you perchance has added to the guilt already, which is our ſodain leaving you. Abruptneſſe is an eloquence in parting, when Spinning out of time, is but the weaving of new ſorrow. And thus we thought yet not being able to diſtinguiſh of our owne Acts, the fear we may have ſinn'd farther then we think of, has made us ſend to you, to know whether it be Mortal or not.

For the Two Excellent Siſters.

THough I conceive you (*Ladies*) ſo much at leiſure that you may read any thing, yet ſince

ſince the ſtories of the Town are meerly amorous, and ſound nothing but Love, I cannot without betraying my owne judgement make them news for *Wales*. Nor can it be leſſe improper to tranſport them to you, then for the King to ſend my Lord of *C.* over Ambaſſador this winter into *Green-land*.

It would want faith in ſo cold a Countrey as *Angleſey*, to ſay that your Cozen Dutcheſſe, for the quenching of ſome fooliſh flames about her, has endured quietly the loſſe of much of the Kings favour, of many of her houſes, and of moſt of her friends.

Whether the disfigurement that Travel or ſickneſs has beſtowed upon *B W.* be thought ſo great by the Lady of the Iſle, as 'tis by others, and whether the alteration of his face has bred a change in her mind—— it never troubles you—Ladies. What old Loves are decay'd, or what new-ones are ſprung up in their room; Whether this Lady be too diſcreet, or that Cavalier not ſecret enough; are things that concern the inhabitants of *Angleſey* not at all. A fair day is better welcom and more news, then all that can be ſaid in this kind. And for all that I know now, the Divels Chimney is on fire, or his pot ſeething over, and all *North-Wales* not able to ſtay the fury of it. Perchance while I write this, a great black cloud is ſayling from Miſtris *Thomaſſes* bleak Mountains over to *Baron-hill*, there to diſgorge it ſelf with what the Sea or worſe places fed it with before.

It

It may be the honeſt banks about you turn bankrupt too, and break; and the Sea like an angry Creditor ſeizes upon all, and hath no pitty, becauſe he has been put off ſo long from time to time. For variety (and it is not impoſſible) ſome boyſterous wind flings up the hangings; and thinking to do as much to your cloths, finds a reſiſtance, and ſo departs, but firſt breaks all the windows about the houſe for it in revenge.

Theſe things now we that live in *London* cannot help, and they are as great news to men that ſit in Boxes at *Black-Fryars*, as the affairs of Love to Flannel-Weavers.

For my own part, I think I have made a great complement, when I have wiſht my ſelf with you, and more then I dare make good in Winter: and yet there is none would venture farther for ſuch a happines then

Your humble ſervant.

The Wine-drinkers to the Water-drinkers, greeting.

WHereas by your Ambaſſador two daies ſince ſent unto us, we underſtand that you have lately had a plot to ſurprize (or to ſpeak more properly) to take the waters; and in it have not onely a little miſcarryed, but alſo met with ſuch difficulties, that unleſſe you be ſpeedily relieved, you are like to ſuffer in the adventure; We as well out of pitty to you, as out of care to our State and Common-Wealth (knowing that Women have ever been held neceſſary, and that nothing

nothing reliſheth ſo well after Wine) have ſo fa taken it into our conſideration, that we have ne glected no means ſince we heard of it firſt, tha might be for your contents, or the good of th cauſe; and therefore to that purpoſe we have ha divers meetings at the *Bear* at the *Bridge*-foot and now at length have reſolv'd to diſpatch t you one of our Cabinet-Councel, Colonel *Young* with ſome ſlight Forces of Canary, and ſome few of Sherry, which no doubt will ſtand you in good ſteed, if they do not mutiny and grow too head ſtrong for their Commander; him Captain *Puff* of *Barton* ſhall follow with all expedition, with two or three Regiments of *Claret*; Monſieur de *Granville*, commonly called Lieutenant *Strutt*, ſhall lead up the Reer of Rheniſh and White. Theſe ſuccors thus timely ſent, we are confident will be ſufficient to hold the Enemy in Play; and till we hear from you again, we ſhall not think of a freſh ſupply: For the Waters (though perchance they have driven you into ſome extremities, and di-vers times forc't their paſſages through ſome of your beſt guarded places) yet have they, if our intelligence fail us not, hitherto had the worſt of it ſtill, and evermore at length plainly run away from you.

Given under our hands at the Bear,
this fourth of July.

SInce Joy (the thing we all ſo Court) is but our hopes ſtript of our fears, pardon me if I be ſtill preſſing

preſſing at it, and like thoſe that are curious to know their fortunes aforehand deſire to be ſatiſfied, though it diſpleaſes me afterward. To this Gentleman (who has as much in-ſight as the t'other wanted Ey-ſight) I have committed the particulars, which would too much ſwell a Letter: if they ſhall not pleaſe you, 'tis but freſh ſubject ſtill for Repentance; nor ever did that make me quarrel with any thing but my owne ſtarres. To swear new oaths from this place, were but to weaken the credit of thoſe I have ſworn in another: if heaven be to forgive you now for not beleeving of them then, (as ſure as it was a ſin) heaven forgive me now for ſwearing of them then (for that was double ſin.) More then I am I cannot be, nor liſt,

Yours, I. S.

I am not ſo ill a Proteſtant as to beleeve in merit, yet if you pleaſe to give anſwer under your owne hand, ſuch as I ſhall for ever rely upon: if I have not deſerv'd it already, it is not impoſſible but I may.

To a Coſin (who ſtill loved young Girles, and when they came to be mariageable, quitted them, and fell in love with freſh) at his fathers requeſt, who deſired he might be perſwaded out of the humour, and marry.

Honeſt Charles,

WEre there not fooles enow before in the Common-Wealth of Lovers, but that

thou muſt bring up a new Sect? Why delighted with the firſt knots of roſes, and when they come to blow (can ſatisfie the ſence, and do the end of their Creation) doſt not care for them? Is there nothing in this fooliſh tranſitory world that thou canſt find out to ſet thy heart upon, but that which has newly left off making of dirt-pyes, and is but preparing it ſelf for loam, and a green-ſickneſs? Seriouſly (*Charles*) and without ceremony, 'tis very fooliſh, and to love widdows is as tolerable an humour, and as juſtifiable as thine —— for beaſts that have been ridd of their legges are as much for a mans uſe, as Colts that are un-way'd and will not go at all: —— Why the divel ſuch yong things? before theſe underſtand what thou wouldſt have, others would have granted. Thou doſt not marry them neither, nor any thing elſe. 'Sfoot it is the ſtory of the Jack-an-apes and the Partridges; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it is loſt to thee, & then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too. Never conſidering that it is here as in the *Thames*, and that while it runs up in the middle, it runnes down on the ſides; while thou contemplat'ſt the comming-in-tide and flow of Beauty, that it ebbes with thee, and that thy youth goes out at the ſame time: After all this too, She thou now art caſt upon will have much ado to avoid being ugly. Pox on't, Men will ſay thou wert benighted, and wert glad of any Inne. Well! (*Charles*) there is another way if you could find it out. Women are like Melons: too green,

or too ripe, are worth nothing; you muſt try till you find a right one. Taſt all, but hark you—— (*Charles*) you ſhall not need to eat of all, for one is ſufficient for a ſurfet: *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

I ſhould have perſwaded you to marriage, but to deal ingeniouſly, I am a little out of arguments that way at this preſent: 'Tis honourable, there's no queſtion on't; but what more, in good faith I cannot readily tell.

Madam,

TO tell you that neither my misfortunes nor my ſins did draw from me ever ſo many ſighs as my departure from you has done, and that there are yet tears in mine eyes left undryed for it; or that melancholy has ſo deeply ſeized me, that colds and diſeaſes hereafter ſhall not need above half their force to deſtroy me, would be I know ſuperfluous and vain, ſince ſo great a goodneſſe as yours, cannot but have out-beleeved already what I can write.

He never knew you that will not think the loſſe of your Company, greater then the Imperialiſts can all this time the loſſe of all their Companies; and he ſhall never know you that can think it greater then I, who though I never had neither wiſdom nor wit enough to admire you to your worth, yet had my Judgement ever ſo much right in it, as to admire you above all. And thus he ſaies that dares ſwear he is

Your moſt devoted ſervant.

Madam,

THe diſtruſt I have had of not being able to write to you any thing which might pay the charge of reading, has perſwaded me to forbear kiſſing your hands at this diſtance: So, like Women that grow proud, becauſe they are chaſte; I thought I might be negligent, becauſe I was not troubleſom. And, were I not ſafe in your goodnes, I ſhould be (*Madam*) in your judgement; which is too juſt to value little obſervances, or think them neceſſary to the right honouring my Lady.

Your Ladyſhip I make no doubt, will take into conſideration, that ſuperſtition hath ever been fuller of Ceremony then the true worſhip. When it ſhall concern any part of your real ſervice, and I not throw by all reſpects whatſoever to manifeſt my devotion, take what revenge you pleaſe. Undo me *Madam*: Reſume my beſt Place and Title; and let me be no longer.

Your humble ſervant.

Madam,

BY the ſame reaſon the Ancients made no ſacrifice to death, ſhould your Ladyſhip ſend me no Letters; ſince there has been no return on my ſide. But the truth is, the place affords nothing: all our dayes are (as the Women here) alike: and the difference of *Fair*, does rarely ſhew it ſelfe; Such great State do Beauty and the Sun keep in theſe

theſe parts. I keep company with my own Horſes (*Madam*) to avoid that of the men; and by this you may gueſſe how great an enemy to my living contentedly my Lady is, whoſe converſation has brought me to ſo fine a diet, that, whereſoever I go, I muſt ſtarve: all daies are tedious, companies troubleſom, and Books themſelves (Feaſts heretofore) no reliſh in them. Finding you to be the cauſe of all this, Excuſe me (*Madam*) if I reſent: and continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be *Madam, during life,*

Your humbleſt Servant,

Madam,

BUt that I know your goodnes is not mercinary, and that you receive thanks, either with as much trouble as men ill news, or with as much wonder as Virgins unexpected Love, this letter ſhould be full of them. A ſtrange proud return you may think I make you (*Madam*) when I tell you, it is not from every body I would be thus obliged; and that if I thought you did me not theſe favours becauſe you love me; I ſhould not love you becauſe you do me theſe favours. This is not language for one in Affliction, I confeſſe, and upon whom it may be at this preſent, a cloud is breaking; but finding not within my ſelf I have deſerv'd that ſtorm; I will not make it greater by apprehending it.

After all, leaſt (*Madam*) you ſhould think I take your favours as Tribute; to my great grief, I here

declare, that the ſervices I ſhall be able to render you, will be no longer Preſents, but payments of Debts; ſince I can do nothing for you hereafter, which I was not obliged to do before.

Madam,

Your moſt humble and faithful ſervant.

My Noble Friend.

THat you have overcome the danger of the Land and of the Sea, is news moſt welcom to us, and with no leſſe joy receiv'd amongſt us than if the King of *Sweden* had the ſecond time overcome *Tilley*, and again paſt the *Meine* and the *Rhine*. Nor do we in this look more upon our ſelves and private intereſts, then on the publike, ſince in your ſafety both were compriſed. And though you had not had about you the affairs and ſecrets of State, yet to have left your own perſon upon the way, had been half to undoe our poor Iland, and the loſſe muſt have been lamented with the tears of a whole Kingdom.

But you are now beyoud all our fears, and have nothing to take heed on your ſelf, but fair Ladies. A pretty point of ſecurity; and ſuch a one as all *Germany* cannot afford. We here converſe with Northern Beauties, that had never heat enough to kindle a ſpark in any mans breaſt, where heaven had been firſt ſo merciful, as to put in a reaſonable ſoul.

There is nothing either fair or good in this part of the world; and I cannot name the thing can

give

give me any content, but the thought that you enjoy enough otherwhere : I having ever been ſince I had the firſt honour to know you,

Yours, more then his owne.

My Lord,

TO perſwade one that has newly ſhip-wrackt upon a Coaſt to imbarque ſodainly for the ſame place again, or your Lordſhip to ſeek that content you now enjoy in the innocence of a ſolitude, among the diſorders and troubles of a Court, were I think a thing the King himſelf (and Majeſty is no ill Orator) would find ſome difficulty to do. And yet when I conſider that great ſoul of yours, like a Spider, working all inwards, and ſending forth nothing, but like the Cloiſter'd Schoolmens Divinity, threads fine and unprofitable: if I thought you would not ſuſpect my being ſerious all this while, for what I ſhould now ſay, I would tell you that I cannot but be as bold with you as your Ague is, and for a little time, whether you will or not entertain you ſcurvily.

When I conſider you look (to me) like ----- I cannot but think it as odd a thing, as if I ſhould ſee *Van Dike* with all his fine colours and Penſills about him, his Frame, and right Light, and every thing in order, and yet his hands tyed behind him: and your Lordſhip muſt excuſe me if upon it I be as bold.

The wiſeſt men, and greateſt States have made no ſcruple to make uſe of brave men whom they

had laid by with ſome diſgrace : nor have thoſe brave men ſo laid by, made ſcruple, or thought it a diſgrace to ſerve again, when they were called to it afterwards.

Theſe general motives of the State and Common good, I will not ſo much as once offer up to your Lordſhips conſideration, though (as 'tis fit) they have ſtill the upper end: yet, like great *Oleoes*, they rather make a ſhew then provoke Appetite. There are two things which I ſhall not be aſhamed to propound to you, as ends; ſince the greater part of the wiſe men of the world have not been aſhamed to make them theirs: and if any has been found to contemn them, it hath been ſtrongly to be ſuſpected that either they could not eaſily attain to them, or elſe that the readieſt way to attain to them was to contemn them. Theſe two are *Honour* and *Wealth* : and though you ſtand poſſeſt of both of them, yet is the firſt in your hands like a ſword, which, if not through negligence, by miſchance hath taken ruſt, and needs a little clearing; and it would be much handſomer a preſent to poſterity, if you your ſelf in your life time wipe it off.

For your *Eſtate* (which it may be had been more had it not been too much) though it is true that it is ſo far from being contemptible, that it is Nobly competent, yet muſt it be content to undergo the ſame fate greater ſtates (Common-wealths themſelves) have been & are ſubject to: which is, when it comes to be divided in it ſelf, not to be conſiderable.

rable. Both *Honour* and *Eſtate* are too fair and ſweet *Flowers*, to be without *Prickles*, or to be gathered without ſome ſcratches.

And now (my Lord) I know you have nothing to urge but a kind of incapability in your ſelf to the ſervice of this State; when indeed you have made the onely bar you have, by imagining you have one.

I confeſſe (though) had *vice* ſo large an Empire in the Court, as heretofore it has had, or were the times ſo dangerous that to the living well there, wiſe *conduct* were more neceſſary then *vertue* it ſelf; Your Lordſhip would have reaſon (with *AEſops* countrey-mouſe) to undervalue all change of condition; ſince a quiet-mediocrity is ſtill to be preferred before a troubled ſuperfluity: but theſe things are now no more: and if at any time they have threatned that Horizon, like great clouds, either they are fallen of themſelves to the ground, or elſe, upon the appearing of the Sunne (ſuch a Prince as ours is) they have vaniſhed, and left behind them clear and fair daies. To deſcend to parts, envie is ſo leſſen'd, that it is almoſt loſt into vertuous emulation, every man truſting the Kings judgement ſo far, that he knows no better meaſure of his own merit, then his reward. The little word behind the back, and undoing whiſper, which, like pulling of a ſheat-rope at Sea, ſlackens the ſail, and makes the gallanteſt ſhip ſtand ſtill; that that heretofore made the faulty and the innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I beleeve, now ſo forgot,

forgot; or at leaſt ſo unpractiz'd, that thoſe that are the worſt, have leiſure to grow good, before any will take notice they have been otherwiſe, or at leaſt divulge it.

'Tis true, *Faction* there is, but 'tis as true, that it is as winds are, to clear, and keep places free from corruption; the oppoſitions being as harmleſſe, as that of the meeting-tides under the bridge, whoſe encounter makes it but more eaſie for him that is to paſſe. To be a little pleaſant in my inſtances; The very women have ſuffered reformation, and wear through the whole Court their faces as little diſguiſed now, as an honeſt mans actions ſhould be, and if there be any have ſuffer'd themſelves to be gained by their ſervants, their ignorance of what they granted may well excuſe them from the ſhame of what they did. So that it is more then poſſible to be great and good: and we may ſafely conclude, if there be ſome that are not ſo exact, as much as they fall ſhort of it, juſt ſo much they have gone from the great Original, God; and from the beſt Copies of him on earth, the King and the Queen.

To conclude, If thoſe accidents or diſaſters which make men grow leſſe in the world (as ſome ſuch, my Lord, have happened to you) were inevitable as death, or, when they were once entered upon us, there were no cure for them; examples of others would ſatisfie me for yours; but ſince there have been that have delivered themſelves from their ills, either by their good *Fortune*,

or

r *Vertue*, 'twould trouble me that my friends hould not be found in that number, as much as if ne ſhould bring me a Catalogue of thoſe that ruly honoured my Lord of---- and I ſhould not nd among the firſt,

Your humble Servant,

To Mr. Henry German, *in the beginning of* PARLIAMENT, 1640.

Sir,

THat it is fit for the King to do ſomething extraordinary at this preſent, is not onely the opinion of the wiſe, but the expectation. Men obſerve him more now then at other times: for Maeſtie in an Eclipſe, like the Sun, draws eyes that would not ſo much as have looked towards it, if t had ſhined out, and appeared like it ſelf. To lie ſtill now, would, at the beſt, ſhew but a calmneſſe of mind, not a magnanimity; ſince in matter of government, to think well (at any time, much leſſe in a very active) is little better then to dream well. Nor muſt he ſtay to act till his people deſire, becauſe 'tis thought nothing reliſhes elſe: for therefore hath nothing reliſht with them, becauſe the King hath for the moſt part ſtayed till they have deſired; done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for. But, that the King ſhould do, will not be ſo much the queſtion, as what he ſhould do. And certainly, for a King to have right counſel given him, is at all times ſtrange, and at this preſent

preſent impoſſible. His party for the moſt part (I would that were modeſtly ſaid, and it were not all) have ſo much to do for their own preſervation, that they cannot (without breaking a law in nature) intend anothers. Thoſe that have courage have not perchance innocence, and ſo dare not ſhew themſelves in the Kings buſines; and if they have innocence, they want parts to make themſelves conſiderable; ſo conſequently the things they undertake. Then, in Court, they give much counſel, as they beleeve the King inclin'd, determine his good by his deſires: which is a kind of ſetting the Sun by the Dial, Intereſt which cannot erre, by paſſions which may.

In going about to ſhew the King a Cure, now a man ſhould firſt plainly ſhew him the diſeaſe. But to Kings, as to ſome kind of Patients, it is not alwaies proper to tell how ill they be: and it is too like a Countrey clown not to ſhew the way, unles he know from whence, and diſcourſe of things before.

Kings may be miſtaken, and Councellors corrupted; but true intereſt alone (ſaith *Monſieur de Rohan*) cannot erre. It were not amiſſe then to find out the Intereſt: for ſetting down right principles before concluſions, is weighing the ſcales before we deal out the commodity.

Certainly the great intereſt of the King is, *A union with his People*, and whoſoever hath told him otherwiſe (as the Scripture ſaith of the divel) *was a ſeducer from the firſt*. If there ever had been any one

one Prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair Fame after death, without the love of his Subjects, there were some colour to deſpiſe it.

There was not among all our Princes a greater Courtier of the People then *Richard* the third, not ſo much out of fear, as out of wiſedom. And, ſhall the worſt of our Kings have ſtriven for that? and ſhall not the beſt? (it being an Angelical thing to gain love.)

There are 2. things in which the people expect to be ſatisfied; *Religion*, and *Juſtice*: nor can this be done by any little acts, but by Royal and Kingly reſolutions.

If any ſhall think that by dividing the factions (a good rule at other times) he ſhall maſter the reſt now, he will be ſtrangely deceived: for in the beginning of things That would do much, but not when whole Kingdoms are reſolv'd. Of thoſe now that lead theſe parties, if you could take off the major number, the leſſer would govern, and do the ſame things ſtill: nay, if you could take off all, they would ſet up one, and follow him.

And of how great conſequence it is for the King to reſume this right, and be the author himſelf, let any body judge: ſince as *Cumneus* ſaid, thoſe that have the art to pleaſe the People, have commonly the power to raiſe them.

To do things ſo that there ſhall remain no jealouſie, is very neceſſary, and is no more then really

ly

ly reforming, that is, pleaſing them. For to do things that ſhall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (amongſt lovers themſelves, where there is eaſieſt faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the King to do what they deſire, but he muſt do ſomthing more: I mean (by doing more) doing ſomthing of his owne, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they ſee the King doing the ſame things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehenſion that he thinks the things they have done already ill.

Now if the King ends the differences, and takes away ſuſpect for the future, the caſe will fall out to be no worſe then when two duelliſts enter the Field, where the worſted party (the other having no ill opinion of him) hath his ſword given him again (without further hurt after he is in the others power.) But otherwiſe it is not ſafe to imagine what may follow: for the people are naturally not valiant, and not much Cavalier. Now it is the nature of Cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content (while they fear and have the upper hand) to fetter only Royalty, but perchance (as timorous ſpirits uſe) will not think themſelves ſafe while that is at all. And poſſibly, this is the preſent ſtate of things.

In this great work (at leaſt to make it appear perfect and laſting to the Kingdom) it is neceſſary the Queen really joyn; for if ſhe ſtand aloof, there will ſtill be ſuſpicions: it being a received opini-

on

on in the world, that ſhe hath a great intereſt in the Kings favor and power. And to invite her, ſhe is to conſider with her ſelf, whether ſuch great vertues and eminent excellencies (though they be highly admired & valued by thoſe that know her) ought to reſt ſatisfied with ſo narrow a payment as the eſtimation of a few? And whether it be not more proper for a great Queen to arrive at univerſal honour, and love, then private eſteem and value.

Then, how becomming a work, for the ſweetnes and ſoftnes of her Sex, is compoſing of differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a Queen, reconciling King and People?

There is but one thing remains, which whiſper'd abroad, buſies the Kings mind much (if not diſturbs it) in the midſt of theſe great Reſolutions, and that is, The preſervation of ſome ſervants, whom he thinks ſomwhat hardly torn from him of late: which is of ſo tender a nature; I ſhal rather propound ſomething about it, then reſolve it.

The firſt *Quære* will be, Whether as things now ſtand (Kingdoms in the ballance) the King is not to follow nature, where the conſervation of the more general ſtill commands and governs the leſſe. As Iron by particular ſympathy ſticks to the loadſtone, but yet if it be joyned with a great body of Iron, it quits thoſe particular affections to the loadſtone, and moves with the other, to the greater, the common Countrey.

The ſecond will be, Whether, if he could preſerve

ſerve thoſe miniſters, they can be of any uſe to him hereafter? ſince no man is ſerved with a greater prejudice, then he that employs ſuſpected inſtruments, or not beloved, though able and deſerving in themſelves.

The third is, Whether, to preſerve them, there be any other way then for the King to be firſt right with his people? ſince the rule in Philoſophy muſt ever hold good, *nihil dat quod non habet*. Before the King have power to ſave, he muſt have power.

Laſtly, Whether the way to preſerve this power be not to give it away? For the people of *England* have ever been like wantons, which pull and tugg as long as the princes have pull'd with them, as you may ſee in *Hen.* 3. King *John*, *Edw.* 2. and indeed, all the troubleſom and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on: as you may ſee in Queen *Elizabeth*.

I will conclude with a prayer (not that I think it needs at this preſent: Prayers are to keep us from what may be, as well as to preſerve us from what is) *That the King be neither too inſenſible of what is without him, nor too reſolved from what is within him*. To be ſick of a dangerous ſicknes, and find no pain, cannot but be with loſſe of underſtanding (Tis an Aphoriſme of *Hippocrates*) and on the other ſide, *Opiniaſtrie* is a ſullen Porter, and (as it was wittily ſaid of Conſtancy) ſhutts out often-times, Better things then it lets in.

FINIS.

AN ACCOVNT OF RELIGION BY REASON.

A Diſcourſe upon Occaſion preſented to the Earl of *Dorſet*.

By

Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Printed by his owne Copy.

Lucret. pag. 227. *Tentat enim dubiam mentem rationis egeſtas.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the *Princes Arms* in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1646.

The Epiſtle.

I Send you here (my Lord) *that Diſcourſe enlarged, which frighted the Lady into a cold ſweat, and which had like to have made me an* Atheiſt *at Court, and your Lordſhip no very good Chriſtian. I am not ignorant that the fear of* Socinianiſme *at this time, renders every man that offers to give an account of Religion by Reaſon, ſuſpected to have none at all: yet I have made no ſcruple to run that hazard, not knowing why a man ſhould not uſe the beſt Weapon his Creator hath given him for his defence. That* Faith *was by the Apoſtles both highly exalted, and ſeverely enjoyned, is known to every man, and*

this upon excellent grounds; for it was both the eaſieſt and beſt way of converting: the other being tedious, and almoſt uſeleſſe: for but few among thouſands are capable of it, and thoſe few not capable at all times of their life, Judgement being required. Yet the beſt ſervant our Saviour ever had upon Earth, was ſo far from neglecting or contemning Reaſon, *that his Epiſtles were admired, even by thoſe that embraced not the Truthes he delivered. And indeed, had the* Fathers *of the* Church *only bid men* beleeve, *and not told them* why, *they had ſlept now un-Sainted in their Graves, and as much benighted with Oblivion, as the ordinary* Pariſh-Prieſts *of their owne Age.*

That man is deceivable, is true; but what part within him is not likelyer then his Reaſon? For as Manilius *ſaid,*

Nam neque decipitur ratio nec decipit unquam.

And how unlikely is it that that which gives us the Prerogative above other Creatures, and wholy entitles us to future happi-

neſſe

neſſe, ſhould be laid aſide, and not uſed to the acquiring of it.

But by this time (my Lord) *you finde how apt thoſe which have nothing to do themſelves, are to give others trouble. I ſhall onely therefore let you know that your Commands to my Lord of* Middleſex *are performed; and that when you have freſh ones, you cannot place them where they will be more willingly received, then by*

Bath, Sept. 2.

Your humble Servant,
John Suckling.

A Diſcourſe by Sir John Suckling, *Knight.*

AMong the truths (*my Lord*) which we receive, none more reaſonably commands our belief, then thoſe which by *all* men, at *all* times have been aſſented to. In this number and higheſt I place this great one, that there is a *Deity*; which the whole world hath been ſo eager to embrace, that rather then it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one.

That there ſhould be a great Diſpoſer and Orderer of things, a wiſe Rewarder and Puniſher of good and evil, hath appeared ſo equitable to men, that by inſtinct they have concluded it neceſſary; Nature (which doth nothing in vain) having ſo far imprinted it in us all, that ſhould the envie of Predeceſſors deny the ſecret to Succeders, they yet would find it out. Of all thoſe little ladders with which we ſcale heaven, and climb up to our Maker, that ſeems to me not the worſt, of which man is the firſt ſtep. For but by examining how I, that could contribute nothing to mine owne being, ſhould be here, I come to ask the ſame queſtion for my Father, and ſo am led in a direct line to a laſt Producer, that muſt be more then man. For *if man*

made man, Why died not I when my Father died? ſince according to that *Maxime* of the Philoſophers, *the cauſe taken away, the effect does not remain.* Or if the firſt man gave himſelf being, why hath he it not ſtill? Since it were unreaſonable to imagine any thing could have power to give it ſelf life, that had no power to continue it. That there is then a God, will not be ſo much the diſpute, as what this God is, or how to be worſhipped, is that which hath troubled poor mortals from the firſt, nor are they yet in quiet. So great has been the diverſity, that ſome have almoſt thought God was no leſſe delighted with variety in his ſervice, then he was pleaſed with it in his works. It would not be amiſſe to take a ſurvey of the world from its cradle; and with *Varro*, divide it into three Ages: the *Unknown*, the *Fabulous*, and the *Hiſtorical*.

The firſt was a black *night*, and diſcovered *nothing*: the ſecond was a weak and glimmering *light*, repreſenting things imperfectly and falſly: the laſt (*more clear*) left handſom monuments to poſterity. The *unknown* I place in the age before the Flood, for that Deluge ſwept away things as well as men, and left not ſo much as footſteps to trace them by. The *fabulous* began after the Flood; in this time Godheads were cheap, & men not knowing where to chooſe better, made Deities one of another. Where this ended, the *hiſtorical* took beginning: for men began to ingrave in pillars, and to commit to Letters, as it were by joynt conſent: for the three great *Epoches* or Termes of Accompt were

all

all eſtabliſhed within the ſpace of 30. yeers: The *Grecians* reckoning from their *Olympiades*: The *Romans* from the building of their City: and the *Babylonians* from their King *Salmonaſſar*. To bring into the ſcale with Chriſtian Religion any thing out of the firſt Age, we cannot; becauſe we know nothing of it.

And the ſecond was ſo *fabulous*, that thoſe which took it up afterwards, ſmil'd at it as ridiculous and falſe (which though was eaſier for them to do then to ſhew a true.) In the *hiſtorical*, it improved, and grew more refined: but here the *Fathers* entred the field, and ſo cleerly gained the victory, that I ſhould ſay nothing in it, did I not know it ſtill to be the opinion of good wits, that the particular Religion of Chriſtians has added little to the general Religion of the World. Let us take it then in its *perfecter eſtate*, and look upon it in that age which was made glorious by the bringing forth of ſo many admirable ſpirits, and this was about the 80. *Olympiad*, in the year of the world 3480. for in the ſpace of an 100. yeers, flouriſhed almoſt all that *Greece* could boaſt of, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Architas*, *Iſocrates*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Heraclitus*, *Xenophon*, *Zeno*, *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Demoſthenes*, *Parmenides*, *Zenocrates*, *Theophraſtes*, *Empedocles*, *Tymæus*, with divers others, Orators and Poets. Or rather (for they had their Religion one from another, and not much different) let us take a view of it in that Century in which Nature (as it were to oppoſe the Grecian inſolence) brought forth that happy birth of *Roman* wits:

wits: *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar*, *Livie*, *Saluſt*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Vitruvius*, *Ovid*, *Pliny*, *Cato*, *Marcus Brutus*, and this was from *Quintus Servilius* his Conſulſhip to that of *Auguſtus*, 270. yeers after the other. And to ſay truth, a great part of our Religion, either directly or indirectly hath been profeſſed by Heathens; which I conceive not ſo much an exprobation to it, as a confirmation; it being no derogating from truth, to be warranted by common conſent.

Firſt then, the Creation of the world is delivered almoſt the ſame in the *Phœnician* ſtories with that in *Moſes*; from this the *Grecians* had their *Chaos*, and *Ovid* the beginning of his *Metamorphoſis*. That *All things were made by God*, was held by *Plato*, and others; that *darknes was before light*, by *Thales*; that the *Stars were made by God*, by *Aratus*; that *life was infuſed into things by the breath of God*, *Virgil*; that *Man was made of duſt*, *Heſiod*, and *Homer*; that *the firſt life of man was in ſimplicity and nakednes*, the *AEgyptians* taught: and from thence the Poets had their *Golden Age*. That *in the firſt times mens lives laſted a thouſand yeers*, *Beroſus*, and others: that *ſomething divine was ſeen amongſt men, till that the greatnes of our ſins gave them cauſe to remove*, *Catullus*: and this he that writes the ſtory of *Columbus*, reports from the *Indians of a great Deluge*, almoſt all. But to the main, they hold *one God*, and though *multiplicity* hath been laid to their charge, yet certainly the clearer ſpirits underſtood theſe petty Gods as things, not as Deities; ſecond cauſes, and ſeveral vertues of the great power: by *Neptune*, water; *Juno*, aire; by *Diſpater*, earth; by *Vulcan*, fire; and

and ſometimes one God ſignified many things, as *Jupiter* the whole world, the whole heaven; and ſometimes many gods, one thing, as *Ceres*, *Juno magna*, the earth. They concluded thoſe to be vices which we do; nor was there much difference in their vertues; onely Chriſtians have made ready beleef the higheſt, which they would hardly allow to be any. They held rewards for the good, and puniſhments for the ill; had their *Elizium*, and their *hell*; and that they thought the pains *eternal* there, is evident, in that they beleev'd from thence was no return. They proportion'd ſufferings hereafter, to offences here; as in *Tantalus*, *Siſyphus*, and others, among which that of Conſcience) the worm that never dies) was one, as in the Vultures gnawing of *Promotheus* heart, and *Virgils* uglieſt of Furies thundring in *Pirithous* ear, was not obſcurely ſhown; and yet neerer us, they held the number of the Elect to be but ſmall, and that there ſhould be a laſt day in which the World ſhould periſh by fire. Laſtly they had their Prieſts, Temples, Altars.

We have ſeen now the *Parallel*, let us enquire whether thoſe things they ſeem to have in common with us, we have not in a more excellent manner, and whether the reſt in which we differ from all the world, we take not up with reaſon. To begin then with their *Jupiter* (for all before were but little ſtealthes from *Moſes* workes) how much more like a Deity are the actions our ſtories declare our God to have done, then what the Ethnick Authors deliver of theirs? How excellently elevated

elevated are our deſcriptions of him? Theirs looking as if they knew that power onely by their fears, as their Statues erected to him declare: for when he was *Capitolinus* he appeard with thunder; when *Latiaris*, beſmear'd with blood; when *Feretrius*, yet more terrible: We may gheſſe what their conceptions were, by the worſhip they gave him: How full of cruelty were their ſacrifices? it being received almoſt through the whole world, *that gods were pleaſed with the blood of men*: and this cuſtom neither the *Grecian* Wiſdom, nor *Roman* Civility aboliſhed, as appears by ſacrifices to *Bacchus*.

Then the ceremonies of *Liber Pater*, and *Ceres*, how obſcene? and thoſe daies which were ſet apart for the honour of the gods, celebrated with ſuch ſhews as *Cato* himſelf was aſhamed to be preſent at. On the contrary, our ſervices are ſuch as not only *Cato*, but God himſelf may be there: we worſhip him that is the pureſt Spirit, in purity of ſpirit; and did we not beleeve what the Scriptures deliver from himſelf, yet would our reaſon perſwade us that ſuch an Eſſence could not be pleaſed with the blood of beaſts, or delighted with the ſteam of fat: and in this particular, Chriſtians have gone beyond all others except the Mahometans; beſides whom there has been no Nation that had not ſacrifice, and was not guilty of this pious cruelty.

That we have the ſame vertues with them is very true; but who can deny that thoſe vertues have received additions from Chriſtianity, conducing to mens better living together? revenge of injuries

Moſes

Moſes both took himſelf, and allowed by the Law to others; *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle* placed it in vertues quarter: We extol patient bearing of injuries; and what quiet the one, what trouble the other would give the world, let the indifferent judge. Their juſtice only took care that men ſhould not do wrong: ours that they ſhould not think it, the very coveting ſeverely forbidden: and this holds too in chaſtity, deſire of a woman unlawfully being as much a breach of the commandement, as their enjoying, which ſhew'd not only the Chriſtians care, but wiſdom to prevent ill, who provided to deſtroy it where it was weakeſt in the Cradle, and declared, He was no leſſe then a God which gave them theſe Laws; for had he been but man, he never would have provided or taken care for what he could not look into, the hearts of Men, and what he could not puniſh, their thoughts. What Charity can be produced anſwerable to that of Chriſtians? Look upon the Primitive times, and you ſhall find that (as if the whole World had been but a private Family) they ſent from Province to Province, and from Places farre diſtant, to Releeve them they never ſaw nor knew.

Now for the happineſſe which they propoſed: if they take it as the Heathens underſtood it, it was an *Elizium*, a place of bleſſed ſhades, at beſt but a handſom retirement from the troubles of this World: if according to the duller Jewes, Feaſtings and Banquettings; (for it is evident that

that the *Sadduces*, who were great obſervers of the Moſaical Law, had but faint thoughts of any thing to come) there being in *Moſes* books no promiſes but of Temporal bleſſings, and (if any) an obſcure mention of eternity. The Mahometans are no leſſe ſenſual, making the renewing of youth, high Feaſts, a woman with great eyes, and dreſt up with a little more fancie, the laſt and beſt good.

Then the hell; How gentle with the Heathens? but the rowling of a ſtone, filling of a ſieve with water, ſitting before Banquets, and not daring to touch them, exerciſing the trade and buſineſſes they had on earth; with the Mahometans, but a Purgatory acted in the grave, ſome pains inflicted by a bad Angel, and thoſe qualified and mitigated too, by an aſſiſting good one. Now for the Jewes, as they had no hopes, ſo they had no fears; ſo that if we conſider it rightly, neither their puniſhments were great enough to deter them from doing ill, nor their rewards high enough to invite men to ſtrictnes of life; for ſince every man is able to make as good a heaven of his own, it were unreaſonable to perſwade him to quit that certain happines for an uncertainty: whereas Chriſtians with as much more noble conſideration both in their heaven and hell took care not onely for the body but the ſoul, and for both above mans apprehenſion.

The ſtrangeſt, though moſt Epidemical diſeaſe of all Religions, has been an imagination men have had, that the impoſing painful and difficult things

upon

upon themſelves, was the beſt way to appeaſe the Deity, groſly thinking the chief ſervice and delight of the Creator to conſiſt in the tortures and ſuffe-rings of the Creature. How laden with chargeable and unneceſſary Ceremonies the Jews were, their feaſts, circumciſions, ſacrifices, great Sabbaths, and little Sabbaths, faſts, burials, indeed almoſt all their worſhip, ſufficiently declare: and that the Maho-metans are much more infected, appeares by the cutting of the *Præpuces*, wearing iron rings in the skin of their Fore-parts, launcing themſelves with knives, putting out their eyes upon the ſight of their Prophets Tombe, and the like. Of theſe laſt we can ſhew no patterns amongſt us: for though there be ſuch a thing as whipping of the body, yet it is but in ſome parts of Chriſtendom, and there perchance too, more ſmil'd at then practis'd. Our Religion teacheth us to bear afflictions patiently when they fall upon us, but not to force them upon our ſelves: for we beleeve the God we ſerve, wiſe enough to chuſe his owne ſervice, and therefore preſume not to adde to his commands. With the Jews it is true we have ſomthing in common, but rather the names then thinges: Our Faſts being more the medicines of the body, then the puniſh-ments of it, ſpiritual, as our Sabbaths; both good mens delight, not their trouble.

But leaſt this diſcourſe ſhould ſwell into a great-neſſe, ſuch as would make it look rather like a de-fence which I had labour'd to get, then an accompt which I alwaies carry about me; I will now briefly examine,

examine, whether we beleeve not with reaſon thoſe things we have different from the reſt of the world. Firſt then, for the perſwaſion of the truth of them in general: let us conſider what they were that conveigh'd them to us: men (of all the world) the moſt unlikely to plot the cozenage of others, being themſelves but ſimple people, without ends, without deſignes, ſeeking neither honour, riches, nor pleaſure, but ſuffering (under the contrary) ignominy, poverty, and miſery; enduring death it ſelf, nay courting it: all which are things diſtaſteful to nature, and ſuch as none, but men ſtrangely aſſured, would have undergone. Had they feigned a ſtory, certainly they would not in it have regiſtred their owne faults, nor deliver'd him whom they propounded as a God, ignominiouſly crucified: add to this the progreſſe their doctrine made abroad, miraculous above all other either before or ſince: other Religions were brought in with the ſword, power, forcing a cuſtom, which by degrees uſurp'd the place of truth: this even power it ſelf oppoſing. For the Romans (contrary to their cuſtome which entertained all Religions kindly) perſecuted this: which by its owne ſtrength ſo poſſeſſed the hearts of men, that no age, ſex, or condition, refuſed to lay down life for it. A thing ſo rare in other Religions, that among the Heathens, *Socrates* was the ſole martyr: and the Jews (unleſſe of ſome few under *Manaſſes* and *Antiochus*) have not to boaſt of any. If we caſt our eyes upon the healing of the blind, curing the lame, redeeming from the grave; and

and but with a touch or word, we muſt conclude them done by more then humane power, and if by any other, by no ill; Theſe buſie not themſelves ſo much about the good of man: and this Religion not only forbids by precept the worſhip of wicked ſpirits, but in fact deſtroys it whereſoever it comes. Now as it is clear by Authors impartial (as being no Chriſtians) that ſtrange things were done, ſo it is plain they were done without impoſture. Deluſions ſhun the light; Theſe were all acted openly, the very enemies both of the maſter and diſciples daily looking on. But let us deſcend to thoſe more principal particulars, which ſo much trouble the curious wits: theſe I take to be the *Incarnation*, *Paſſion*, *Reſurrection*, and *Trinity*.

For the firſt, That man ſhould be made without man, why ſhould we wonder more at it in that time of the world, then in the beginning? much eaſier, certainly, it was here, becauſe neerer the natural way; Woman being a more prepared matter then earth. Thoſe great truths, and myſteries of ſalvation would never have been received without miracles; and where could they more opportunely be ſhown, then at his entrance into the world, where they might give credit to his following actions and doctrine? So far it is from being againſt my reaſon to think him thus borne, that it would be againſt it to beleeve him otherwiſe; it being not fit that the Son of God ſhould be produced like the race of men. That humane nature may be aſſumed by a Deity, the enemy of Chriſtians,

Julian, confirms; and inſtances (himſelf) in *Æſculapius*, whom he will have deſcend from heaven in mortal ſhape, to teach us here below the Art of Phyſick. Laſtly, That God has liv'd with men, has been the general fancy of all Nations: every particular having this tradition; that the Deity at ſome time or other converſed amongſt men. Nor is it contrary to reaſon to beleeve him reſiding in glory above, and yet incarnate here: So in man himſelf, the ſoul is in heaven when it remains in the fleſh, for it reacheth with its eye the Sun; why may not God then being in heaven, be at the ſame time with us in the fleſh? ſince the ſoul without the body would be able to do much more then with it, and God much more then the ſoul, being the ſoul of the ſoul. But it may be urged as more abſtruſe, how all in heaven, and all in earth? Obſerve man ſpeaking (as you have done ſeeing) Is not the ſame ſpeech, at the inſtant it is uttered, all in every place? Receives not each particular ear, alike, the whole? and ſhall not God be much more Ubiquitary then the voice of man? For the *Paſſion* (to let alone the neceſſity of ſatisfying divine Juſtice this way, which, whoſoever reads more particularly our Divines, ſhall find rationally enforced) we find: the Heathen had ſomething neer to this (though, as in the reſt, imperfect) for they ſacrificed ſingle men for the ſins of the whole City or Countrey. *Porphyrius* having laid this foundation: *That the ſupreme happines of the ſoul is to ſee God*, and that it cannot ſee him unpurified, concludes, That there muſt be

be a way for the *cleanſing of Mankind*; and proceeding to find it out, he tells that Arts and Sciences ſerve but to ſet our wits right in the knowledge of things, and cleanſe us not enough to come to God: the like judgment he gives of purging by *Theurgie*, and by the myſteries of the Sun; becauſe thoſe things extend but to ſome few, whereas this cleanſing ought to be univerſal for the benefit of all mankind: in the end reſolves that this cannot be done, but by one of the three *In-beings*, which is the word they uſe to expreſſe the Trinity by. Let us ſee what the divineſt of the Heathens (and his Maſter *Plato*) delivers, to admiration, and as it were *Prophetically*, to this purpoſe. *That a truly juſt man be ſhewn* (ſaith he) *it is neceſſary that he be ſpoil'd of his Ornaments, ſo that he muſt be accounted by others a wicked man, be ſcoffed at, put in priſon, beaten, nay be crucified*: and certainly for him that was to appear the higheſt example of patience, it was neceſſary to undergo the higheſt tryal of it, which was an *undeſerved death*.

Concerning the *Reſurrection*, I conceive the difficulty to lie not ſo much upon our Lord, as us; it being with eaſie Reaſon imagined, that he which can make a body, can lay it down, and take it up again. There is ſomthing more that urges and preſſes us: for in our eſtate we promiſe our ſelves hereafter, there will be no need of Food, Copulation, or Excrement, to what purpoſe ſhould we have a mouth, belly, or leſſe comely parts? it being ſtrange to imagine God to have created man, for a moment

of time, a body conſiſting of particulars, which ſhould be uſeleſſe to all eternity. Beſides, Why ſhould we deſire to carry that along with us which we are aſhamed of here, and which we find ſo great a trouble, that very wiſe men (were it not forbidden) would throw it off before it were worn out? To this I ſhould anſwer, that as the body is partner in well or ill doing, ſo it is but juſt it ſhould ſhare in the rewards or puniſhments hereafter: and though by reaſon of ſin we bluſh at it here, yet when that ſhall ceaſe to be, why we ſhould be more aſhamed then our firſt Parents were, or ſome in the laſt diſcover'd parts of the World are now, I cannot underſtand. Who knowes but theſe unſightly parts ſhall remain for good uſe, and that putting us in mind of our imperfect eſtate here, they ſhall ſerve to increaſe our content and happines there? What kind of thing a glorified body ſhall be, how chang'd, how refin'd, who knowes? Nor is it the meaneſt invitement to me now, to think that my eſtate there, is above my capacity here. There remaines that which does not onely quarrel with the likelyhood of a Reſurrection, but with the poſſibility; alleadging, that man corrupted into duſt, is ſcattered almoſt into infinite, or devoured by an irrational creature, goes into aliment, and grows part of it; then that creature perchance is made like food to another: And truly did we doubt of Gods power, or not think him omnipotent, this were a *Labyrinth* we ſhould be loſt in: but it were hard, when we ſee every petty Chymick

mick in his little ſhop bring into one body things of the ſame kind, though ſcatter'd and diſorder'd; that we ſhould not allow the great Maker of all things to do the ſame in his owne Univerſe.

There remains onely the miſtery of the *Trinity*; to the difficulty of which, the poverty and narrowneſſe of words have made no ſmall addition.

St. *Auſtin* plainly ſaies the word *Perſon* was taken up by the Church for want of a better; *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence*, *Hypoſtaſis*, *Suppoſitum*, and *Perſona*, have cauſed ſharp diſputes amongſt the Doctors: at length they are contented to let the three firſt and three laſt ſignifie the ſame thing. By all of them is underſtood ſomthing *Compleat*, *Perfect*, and *Singular*: in this onely they differ, that *Nature*, *Subſtance*, *Eſſence* are *communicable ad quid*, and *ut quo* (as they call it) The other are not at all: but enough of this; Thoſe that were the immediate Conveighers of it to us, wrapt it not up in any of theſe terms. We then hold God to be one, and but one, it being groſſe to imagine two omnipotents, for then neither would be ſo; yet ſince this good is perfectly good, and perfect goodnes cannot be without perfect love, nor perfect love without communication, nor to an unequal or created, for then it muſt be inordinate; We conclude a Second *Coeternal* though *Begotten*: nor are theſe contrary (though they ſeem to be ſo) even in created ſubſtances, that one thing may come from another, and yet that from whence it comes, not be before that which comes from it; as in the *Sun* and *Light*. But

in theſe high myſteries, ſimilitudes may be the beſt Arguments. In Metaphyſicks they tell us, that to the conſtituting of every being, there is a *Poſſe ſui eſſe*, from whence there is a *Sapientia ſui eſſe*, and from theſe two proceedeth an *Amor ſui eſſe*: and though theſe three be diſtinct, yet they make up one perfect being. Again, and more familiarly; There is a hidden Original of waters in the earth, from this a ſpring flows up, and of theſe proceeds a ſtream: this is but one eſſence, which knows neither a before, nor an after, but in order, and (that too) according to our conſidering of it: the Head of a Spring is not a Head, but in reſpect of the Spring; for if ſomthing flow'd not from it, it were no Original, Nor the Spring a Spring if it did not flow from ſomthing, nor the Stream a Stream but in reſpect of both: Now all theſe three are but one Water, and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be conſidered one without the other. Now, though I know this is ſo far from a demonſtration, that it is but an imperfect inſtance (perfect being impoſſible of infinite by finite things) yet there is a reſemblance great enough to let us ſee the poſſibility. And here the eye of Reaſon needed no more the ſpectacles of Faith, then for theſe things of which we make ſympathy the cauſe, as in the Load-ſtone, or antipathy, of which every man almoſt gives inſtance from his owne nature: nor is it here ſo great a wonder that we ſhould be ignorant; for this is diſtant and removed from ſence; theſe neer and ſubject to it; and

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it were ſtranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and diſtinct within himſelf, becauſe I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding; then if a Clown ſhould ſay the hand of a Watch did not move, becauſe he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreaſonable, becauſe I do not underſtand it, that it would be unreaſonable I ſhould: For why ſhould a created ſubſtance comprehend an uncreated, A circumſcribed and limited, an uncircumſcrib'd and unlimited? And this I obſerve in thoſe great Lovers and Lords of Reaſon, quoted by the Fathers, *Zoroaſtres*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Plato*, *Numenius*, *Plotinus*, *Proclus*, *Amelius*, and *Avicen*, that when they ſpoke of this myſtery of the Trinity, of which all writ ſomething, and ſome almoſt as plainly as Chriſtians themſelves, that they diſcuſſed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as Oracles which they had received themſelves, without diſpute.

Thus much of Chriſtian Profeſſion compared with others: I ſhould now ſhew which (compar'd within it ſelf) ought to be preferred: but this is the work of every pen, perhaps to the prejudice of Religion it ſelf. This excuſe (though) it has, that (like the chief Empire) having nothing to conquer, no other Religion to oppoſe or diſpute againſt, it hath been forced to admit of Civil wars, and ſuffer under its owne excellency.

FINIS.